THEATRE MAGAZINE

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From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

DOROTHY DICKSON

Dainty, adorable and artistically hoopskirted, this popular dancer is singing, as well as using her nimble toes, in the Scotch musical piece "Lassie"

SOME RICHARDS I HAVE SEEN

Performances of Lawrence Barrett, the Booths and other actors compared with that of John Barrymore

By WILLIAM SEYMOUR

MY first recollection of the play "Richard III" dates back to 1863 when I acted in it with Lawrence Barrett. The best Richard I ever saw was John Wilkes Booth, with whom I acted the Duke of York in 1864. With Wilkes Booth's never-to-be-forgotten Richard still fresh in my mind, I have no hesitation in saying that the next best performance of this rôle I have seen is, in my opinion, that of John Barrymore—and from 1863 to 1920 is a long span!

Until Edwin Booth made his own arrangement of the tragedy for his own theatre in New York City, in the early 70's, the commonly accepted version—and as such used by all the tragic stars—was that made by Colley Cibber. Here is the the title page of the play from an old play book, printed in 1846:

RICHARD III

OR THE

BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

Written by William Shakespeare

And adapted to representation by Colley Cibber.

Correctly printed from the most approved acting copy, as played by Kemble, Cooke, Booth and Kean.

With a description of the Costume, Funeral Procession, Armies of Richard and Richmond, Cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions, and the whole of the Stage Business:

To which are added

Properties and Directions as Performed at the

PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK

January, 1846.

IN this production Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean acted Richard and Queen Elizabeth. The arrangement is in five acts with twenty-one scenes, of which ten are in the fifth act.

In the arrangement presented by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, the four scenes interpolated from Henry VI, serve as an illuminating prologue to the tragedy and unfold the character of the sinister Gloster, scene by scene thus enlightening the spectator with vivid force. Mr. Barrymore's conception and interpretation of the rôle I found most consistent and convincing. His diction is superb, his gestures subdued and fitting. For once—in a Shakesperian production—tradition has no place, and outside of the well remembered lines of the text there is no business, or effect, that savors of the past. So clear, and comprehensive is the evolving of the story that tradition is not missed and the spectator is the gainer by the elimination. The critical may object to the extreme length of the performance (the older one was easily compressed within three hours), also, after the stirring, sequent, brilliant array of scenes and pictures in the earlier two-thirds of the evening, there is a slight feeling of monotony towards the close. One wishes for some relief from the continued gloom, and the almost uninterrupted atmosphere of sanguinity that pervades.

In the old acting version there were ten scenes in Act V, Richmond's scenes alternating with Richard's, and in the final scene, the combat between the two was awaited with eager anticipation, and witnessed with loud and cheering applause. I missed the fight in the Barrymore production. Despite the length and physical strain upon the actor, it was always a feature of the Richards of the past.

But the earlier actors did not wear the heavy, real armor that Mr. Barrymore does—at least it was discarded for the fight—and the actor could be agile and fill the stage with single and double primes, two ups and two downs, circles, shoulder blows, and the wonderful snake like crawl upon one knee from "up centre to down left," with which John Wilkes Booth used to thrill the audience—and which was done by all the Richards of that time—an effective bit of "business" inherited no doubt from Kean, and Cooke, and the elder Booth.

WHEN Edwin Booth arranged the play for his own theatre in New York in the early 70's—he compressed the ten scenes into five, and omitted the then well-known lines: "Of one or both of us the time is come!" also Richard's dying speech: "Perdition catch thy arm—the chance is thine!"

As stated at the beginning of this article, the first Richard I ever saw was Lawrence Barrett, when he, in conjunction with John Lewis Baker and Dan Setchell, managed the old Varieties Theatre, in New Orleans, in 1863. Of this first performance of Mr. Barrett's, I can recall but little, in a critical sense. As my dramatic godfather, he was more or less of an idol in my eyes and to the enthusiastic boy-actor, "the King could do no wrong." In later years when I was general manager and stage director, and acted the maturer rôles, I was too busy running the stage and acting my parts to dissect his performance, but it was a masterful and fiery one, his wonderful voice lending great effect to the tragic episodes.

In the Barrett production much was made of the "combat," which I used to rehearse for him with the many Richmonds he encountered in the various stock companies during the season. He made the character attractive in its personality, dressing it richly and assuming the hump, and "lame and halting gait." He wore—as did most of the Richards at that time—a small moustache. I have an engraving of Edwin Forrest in the rôle, with side whiskers and a small goatee.

THE second Richard, of the many I saw during the years that followed, was John Wilkes Booth, at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, in 1864. As the boy actor of the southern city, I was drafted from one theatre to another, as the need required, and so had the felicitous experience of acting with nearly all the famous stars who visited the South during and after the Civil War.

Of John Wilkes Booth I have a vivid remembrance. With him I acted the Duke of York, in "Richard III," Fleance and the 3d Apparition in "Macbeth," and the Boy in "Pizarro," and I believe that, if he had lived and continued on the stage he would have outstripped in fame, ability, and popularity not only his brother Edwin, but all the tragedians who were his contemporaries. The New Orleans *Times-Delta* (1864) said of that performance:

> "In physique Mr. Booth is greatly the superior of his brother Edwin, being a much handsomer and larger man, and in no other particular that we could discern is he at all inferior to that eminent and much-admired actor. Of his reading it would be unfair to judge from a first representation. His scenes with Lady Anne, with the Queen Mother and princes in the Council Chamber, and with the Lord-Mayor and aldermen, were all masterpieces of satanic dissimulation, and scarcely inferior to those of his lamented father. In the tent scene and on the ensanguined field of Bosworth, he was absolutely horrifying, and while looking at him we could well conceive the truth of the story that is told of Lord Byron, who, as the chronicler tells us, 'was so overcome by Kean's great acting as Sir Giles Overreach, as to faint away in his box.'"

My next Richard was that of Edwin Adams. Not so tragic or inspired a performance as Mr. Booth's, but finished and highly praised.

In 1868 I had the honor to act, for the first time, with Edwin Booth, still in New Orleans. Once more I was the Duke of York to his Richard III. Edwin Booth had often told me that his performance of this part was modelled upon that of his father, whose Richard surpassed—or at least was equal to Edmund Kean's and George Frederick Cooke's—accounts of whose wonderful interpretations of the then favorite character with all tragedians—have descended to us. Edwin Booth's Richard was on a parallel with his Iago—diabolical, saturnine, and grimly humorous. He was a handsome, fascinating Richard, and dressed the character with care and elaborately correct detail. Until Mr. Booth's production at his own theatre in 1877, the tragedy had never been invested in this country with the scenic grandeur, and historically correct costumes that made the productions of Macready, in 1821, and Samuel Phelps, in 1844 so famous in London.

IN those early days of the American stage when there were stock companies established in all the important cities, the leading men of their local organizations were able and often superior exponents of this famous rôle. Their respective performances were often modelled upon their favorite stars, but all were well considered and intelligent. Among these local Richards—with whom I have acted—were W. E. Sheridan, Charles Barron, Charles Pope, Bernard Macauley, Joseph E. Nagle, Louis James, etc. In 1876 I played Tressel to John McCullough's Richard at Booth's Theatre, New York. His performance of the part was inspired—as were most of his other characterizations—by Edwin Forrest. It was harsh, vigorous and repellent. He wore a dark clubbed wig, and his face was smooth. He was one of the least attractive, personally, of all the Richards that I remember.

In 1888 I was associated with Thomas W. Keene, the most (*Concluded on page* 565)

EMILY STEVENS

As the unscrupulous Stephanie in "Foot-Loose," a revival, under a new title, of "Forget-Me-Not," the old melodrama which met with almost sensational success in the early eighties. Both Rose Coghlan and Genevieve Ward scored great individual hits in the rôle played by Miss Stevens

Photocraft

HELEN WESTLEY AND
DUDLEY DIGGES

In Strindberg's play, "The Dance of Death," presented at special performances by the Theatre Guild. This is a scene in Act III, in which Alice demands that Kurt, in apologizing, shall kiss her foot

Photocraft

MY FUNNIEST STAGE EXPERIENCE

Donald Brian, Frank Bacon, Willie Collier and others relate amusing experiences that were never rehearsed

THE most amusing situations on the stage are sometimes neither the work of the dramatist, nor the actors. They might be termed theatrical accidents, unforseen demonstrations of that thing called "luck," which plays so large a part in the lives of all of us. This extemporaneous comedy sometimes borders on the tragic, but the resourceful thespians are often able to set things to rights before an audience is aware of the break. Occasionally, however, the best stage wiles are incapable of coping with the violently unexpected. Take, for instance, the extraordinary mishap that Donald Brian, co-star in "Buddies," met with:

"One hot day in June," says Mr. Brian, "I was playing with Ethel Jackson in 'The Merry Widow,' at the New Amsterdam Theatre. At the end of the third encore of the famous waltz I was supposed to kiss Miss Jackson with great fervor, which I proceeded willingly enough to do —but without reckoning on the heat. I was wearing a little moustache, carefully waxed at the ends, and painstakingly glued to my lip. It was a very nifty little moustache, indeed.

"The kiss in question was one of the lingering, soulful variety and perhaps the glue on the back of the moustache was not of the proper consistency; at any rate, when I raised my head the nifty hirsute adornment parted company in the center, one half remaining on Miss Jackson's lip, while the other half still stuck loyally to me. Quite unconscious of what had happened I went on playing my part with gusto, until presently I heard a titter spreading over the audience. Looking back at Miss Jackson to see what was the trouble I discovered to my horror that the omission from my make-up was clinging lovingly to that lady's smiling lips.

Miss Jackson began laughing, thinking that the other end of my moustache had probably dropped off somewhere about the stage, and blissfully unconscious of the "bearded lady" effect she, herself, was producing. I gave one startled look, tried to keep my face straight, but failed utterly, and a hearty explosion of laughter was the signal for the entire audience to sit up in one huge roar. The scene was killed completely. The next day I started growing a moustache of my own."

A THEATRICAL accident that would have ended disastrously, had it not been for the quick wit of the actor concerned, occurred a number of years ago when Mr. William Collier, now playing in "The Hottentot," was starting his career at Daly's theatre. "I had graduated from call-boy to occasional small parts, for which I received the munificent sum of ten dollars a week," says Mr. Collier. "On the occasion in question I was portraying the rôle of a French waiter, and to properly dress the part I had to pay two dollars and thirty cents every week from my hard-earned ten, as rent for a dilapidated dress-suit. My particular bit was to enter a room where three men were plotting a murder, place drinks on the table, say: 'The drinks, sir,' and exit immediately so that the plotting might continue.

"Augustin Daly was one of the first directors to use real 'props' and practical settings on the stage, such as having meals served which could actually be eaten, and building solid doors, with handles, locks, etc. The scene in which I appeared was a 'box' interior, both sides running down plumb with the front of the proscenium, and having only one means of entrance and egress, through a pair of wide sliding doors at the rear, which were fitted with a brass catch.

THE play was an old English melodrama called 'Mankind,' and on the night of the second performance I took my place at the rear entrance, in a faded dress-suit and carrying a tray of drinks. My cue came to enter. The sliding doors were pulled open by two stage hands, stationed at either side for that purpose, and I stepped across the threshold. But the stage hands were apparently a trifle too anxious to get back to their game of pinochle in the alley for they hurriedly banged the doors shut, inadvertently catching the tails of my dress-suit between them.

"Only a youngster, I was exceedingly anxious that my part should go off smoothly, but as I started to step forward into the room I found that in some inexplicable way, I was anchored fast. My face blanched and I broke into a cold sweat; feeling behind me I whispered hoarsely under my breath: 'Open the doors, I'm stuck.' But no one was there to hear. The three actors had turned toward me, apparently consumed with an insatiable thirst, wondering what was holding up the scene, and I returned their frowns with a blank, helpless stare. 'Stuck—I'm stuck,' I kept muttering under my breath, but the three men could not hear and began extemporizing a few lines to cover the delay.

"Finally, I gave a sharp wrench and managed to tear myself free, but the two tails of the dress-suit remained in the lock. Thus, suddenly metamorphosing from swallow-tails to an Eton jacket, I crossed the stage, heard a giggle of amusement sweep over the audience as I turned to deposit the drinks, and hastily mumbling my lines retreated to the door so that the play might continue.

But troubles always seem to come in bunches. Try as I would, I could not force the doors open as the tails of the suit had become wedged into the lock and held it fast. Cold perspiration began to pour down my face. From the corner of my eye I scanned the rest of the set, but there was absolutely no way of exit except through the folding doors. One of the actors had turned toward me and was calling out: 'Get out of here, waiter; that's all we want of you,' and I realized that it was up to me to get out, somewhere, somehow, or the whole scene would be ruined. But where? I experienced the sensations of the classic blind man, searching in a dark room for a black hat that wasn't there.

"I was getting desperate when suddenly my glance lighted on the fire-place at one side of the room, where a gas log was supposed to be burning. It was the single avenue of escape, but as I turned toward it some dramatic intuition warned me that an exit up a chimney, with a fire in it, would hardly look convincing. I hesitated an instant and then a bright idea popped into my head. Stretching my arms with a weary yawn I dropped onto the couch by the door and closed by eyes. One of the actors at the table, seeing my ruse, crossed to me and after bending over the couch remarked: 'It's all right now; he's asleep.'

"Mr. Daly gave those three actors a calling down after the performance," added Mr. Collier reminiscently. "But there was only one other way out of the difficulty; that would have been to hit me over the head and chuck me under the couch. Mr. Daly raised my salary after that performance, which was rather fortunate as I had to pay for the ruined dress-suit."

Frank Bacon, author and star of "Lightnin'" had a trying experience a number of years ago. It happened in the Third Avenue Theatre in Seattle and was the occasion of Mr. Bacon's first starring season in a play called, "The Hills of California."

"The scene in particular," says Mr. Bacon, "was where I was called upon to drive a horse and plow across the stage. The advance agent of the show always hired a horse wherever the company went and gave him a few rehearsals before the performance. But in Seattle, for no reason at all, just before the curtain rose, the horse turned over and died.

Probably the alleged humor in the piece was too much for him. Anyhow, the entire company took to the street, stopped every horse that passed, and finally were forced to lure in the decrepit animal that had carried their trunks from the station.

IT was vital to the plot of the piece that the horse should be thirsty, as he had to drink out of a well, which had a direct bearing on the course of the story. Therefore, just before the scene began, the stage manager secured some dry cod-fish and fed the poor beast until he nearly choked. The curtain rose and I drove the horse onto the stage, prepared for anything. As we passed across to the well, the animal spied the artificial flowers and grass matting along the front of the set and insisted upon chewing off several large chunks of the scenery before he could be persuaded to continue with his part. The audience began to laugh, but before the scene was entirely killed I managed to get my charge to the well, and the animal, its thirst increased no doubt, by the late diet of cardboard, thrust in his nose and began drinking. It looked good, and I was beginning to congratulate myself when—it happened.

"The well consisted of only a pail of water, and after draining the pail the horse began a frantic search for more. My line to cover the drinking was,

(*Concluded on page* 565)

White

Cissie Sewell, Mercer Templeton and chorus in a fascinating number from "Honey Girl," the musical hit at the Cohan and Harris

White

Flora Zabelle and Frank Craven in "The Girl from Home," a sprightly, jingly musical farce delighting audiences at the Globe

Photocraft

Vivienne Oakland and Frank Crumit, who are helping to enliven the proceedings in the musical piece "Betty, Be Good"

WITH THE SPRING COMES MUSICAL COMEDY

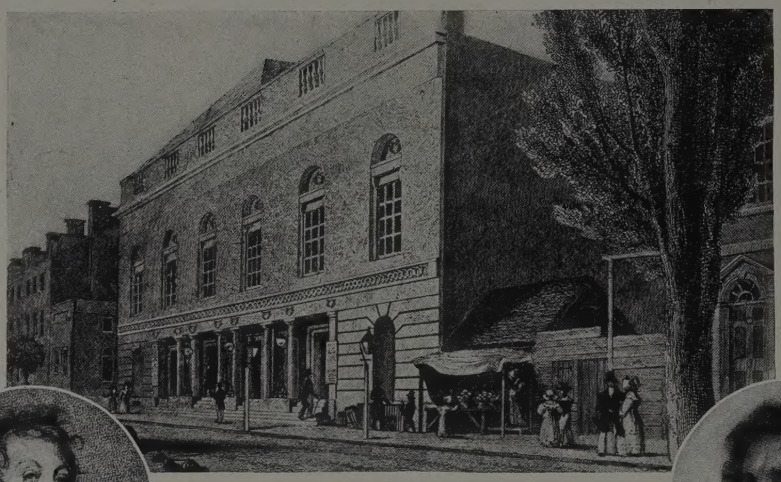
PASSING OF AMERICA'S OLDEST PLAYHOUSE

The famous Walnut Street Theatre of Philadelphia, closes its doors after a glorious career of over 100 years

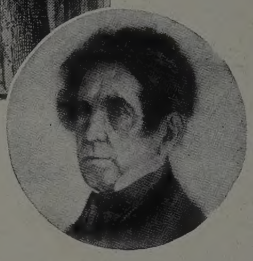
By GEORGE M. EMERY

THE Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, the oldest theatre in America, the oldest theatre in the world that has been used continuously for the presentation of things theatrical, is being torn down.

The theatre that gave Edwin Forrest to the stage world, the theatre that was the home of Edmund Kean, the theatre that knew the Booths, the Cushmans, Mrs. John Drew, and a host of the dramatically great for one hundred and eleven years, is about to close its eventful career.



The Walnut Street Theatre as it appeared in 1811 (Inset); *William Warren, Sr.* (Left), *and William B. Wood, first managers of the theatre*



Purchased within the last few weeks by James P. Beury, its lessee, from the heirs of John Sleeper Clarke, the English actor, the old Walnut at the end of the present theatrical season will be replaced by a new and modern theatre to be erected on its site.

Over and about the old Walnut, as over and about the Old Drury in London, there linger the pleasant memories of prestige and tradition. There are thousands of Philadelphians and others now scattered in cities and countries far and wide, who still hold the old Walnut in a sort of affectionate remembrance, or who delight to recount the nights of wonder and delight they spent there in the long ago. What joys and what pathos, what laughter and what tears have been seen within the aged building that has entertained, conservatively speaking, not less than 15,000,000 people in its long and varied career.

In the building itself, except the foundations and some of the walls, there remains nothing of the structure which the public entered for the first time in 1809. It has undergone many changes in the course of its glorious career, but within its walls there has been, with a few brief exceptions, an uninterrupted series or succession of performances in the course of three generations. It has had many curious ups and downs in popularity and in its relation to the drama, and every order of entertainment known to the stage, from negro minstrels to grand opera; from burlesque to tragedy; from Punch and Judy to the circus, has at one time or another had its examples there. The stock company and the old "star" system, and the combination policy, have flourished there in one transition after another in public taste and in professional methods. Not fewer than thirty managers have been concerned in its ownership and direction; it has been the cause of the making and the unmaking of fortunes; jail or the bankruptcy court has been the lot of some of its directors; it has had various names; it was once sold out by the sheriff; it has undergone most of the vicissitudes peculiar to theatres. But one of them, the old Walnut has escaped entirely: it is not known at least, that it was ever ruined or damaged by fire, although three theatres or houses of amusement almost within its shadow at Ninth and Walnut streets were so destroyed, one of them repeatedly. In this respect, too, it has been more fortunate than the Old Drury of London, or than the Comédie Française, or than almost any other theatre elsewhere that has lasted a hundred years. Moreover, despite its external changes, there has been retained on its walls and façade something of the semblance of its early time. Today its aspect is still suggestive of a type of the American theatres that belonged to the elder period of what may be termed the "palmy days."

Walnut Street Theatre.

Mr. Kean's

FIRST NIGHT.

The public are respectfully informed that Mr. KEAN is Engaged for a few nights and will appear

On Monday Evening April 9, 1821.

In Shakspeare's Tragedy of

RICHARD III.

Richard, Duke of Gloster, Mr. KEAN.

King Henry the Sixth, Mr. WARREN. | Earl of Oxford, Mr. PARKER.
Prince of Wales, Miss HATHWELL. | Lieutenant of the Tower, Mr. SCHIVENELL.
Duke of York, Miss H. HATHWELL. | Lord Stanley, Mr. HATHWELL.
Duke of Buckingham, Mr. WOOD. | Lord Mayor, Mr. FRANCIS.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, Mr. WILLIAMS. | Tyrrel, Mr. MARTIN.
Duke of Norfolk, Mr. WHEATLY. | Blount, Mr. MURRAY.
Trenzel, Mr. BAKER. | Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. WILLIAMS.
Catesby, Mr. DARLEY. | Duchess of York, Mrs. DUFFILE.
Ratcliff, Mr. C. DURANG. | Lady Anne, Mrs. WOOD.

After the Tragedy, (by particular desire)

The Sailor's Hornpipe,

BY MISS H. HATHWELL.

To which will be added the Farce of

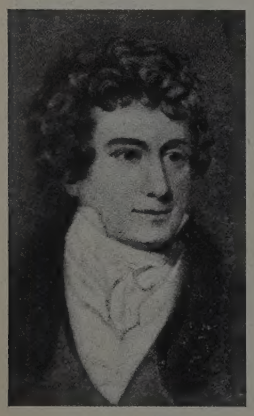
MATRIMONY.

Baron de Limberg, Mr. HATHWELL. | Delaval, Mr. JEFFERSON.
O'Clogherty, (alias McGrimp-of-Shinkt), Mr. DARLEY. | Guards, Messrs. Fisher, Morris.
Clara, Mrs. WOOD. | Amelia, Mrs. JEFFERSON.

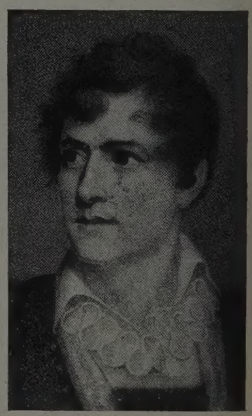
Playbill of a memorable first night

For a time the enterprise was popular, but the expenses finally exceeded the income, and it was then determined to meet them by converting the structure into a theatre in addition to the circus. To this end the building was enlarged on each side, a big stage was introduced at the north side of the ring, orchestral space was created between them, and tiers or galleries of boxes were built. To the establishment was given the name "Olympic Theatre," and the management seems to have been divided between the equestrian or circus department, and the dramatic department.

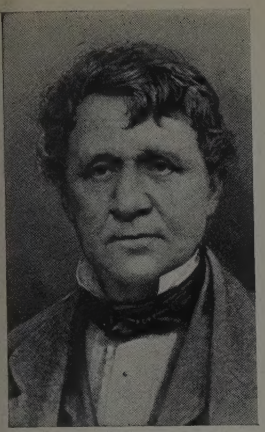
On the occasion of the opening of the "Olympic" in the season which preceded the beginning of the War of 1812, the bill included Sheridan's "Rivals," and a musical farce called, "The Poor Soldier." One of



Edmund Kean



Thomas Abthorpe Cooper



Junius Brutus Booth

the distinguished members of the company was Mrs. Beaumont, the English actress, and she and her associates were received with much favor in various plays. At that time, as well as long afterward, it was the custom to fit up one or more drinking bars in every theatre, but the Olympic's managers were especially accommodating. A portion of the ring enabled them to send waiters into it, who easily passed rounds of brandy and water to the occupants while the performance was going on.

The managers, however, still were unable to earn a profit on their theatrical investment. The War of 1812 and its consequent financial depression were unfavorable to new undertakings and finally the whole establishment at the instance of its creditors fell into the hands of the sheriff.

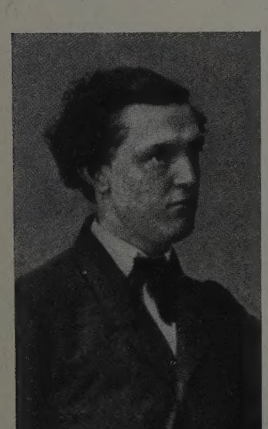
After several years of performances of all kinds, including one highly successful season of pantomime, riding and the ballet by a company from England known as West's, a company of citizens was formed to buy the theatre in Pepin's interest. It is in this period, under the management of Warren and Wood, that the genesis of the sort of theatrical life and history which long afterward, in the retrospect of years, caused the "Old Drury" sentiment to be transferred to the playhouse, may be traced. For the first time, the name Walnut was used, and then began to pass into the little alley in the rear some of the foremost of the long line of men and women whose genius has graced or ennobled the stage and whose names shed lustre on the annals of the old theatre.

One of the first events that followed the opening in November, 1820, was the advent of Edwin Forrest—his first appearance on a regular or first-class stage. It was thus that the occasion was announced:

WALNUT STREET THEATRE
Monday Evening, November 27, 1820,
Will be presented the tragedy (in 5 acts)
called
"DOUGLAS; OR THE NOBLE SHEPHERD"
Written by Mr. Home.

Young Norval	A Young Gentleman of this City
Lord Randolph	Mr. Wheatley
Glenalvon	Mr. W. B. Wood
Old Norval	Mr. Warren
Norval's Servant	Mr. Martin
First Officer	Mr. Scrivener
Second Officer	Mr. Caster
Third Officer	Mr. Parker
Lady Randolph	Mrs. Williams
Anna	Mrs. Jefferson

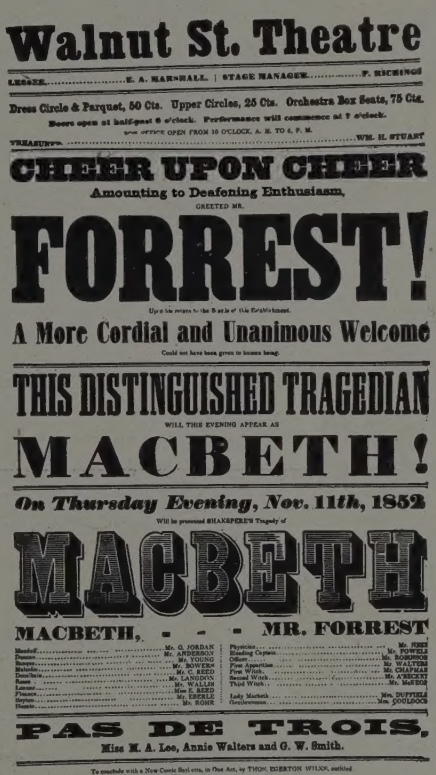
Forrest's first attempt was not made without difficulty. The managers, Warren and Wood, particularly Wood, who was himself an actor, always in charge of the stage and given to frowning upon "first appearances of talented amateurs," shook their heads with any amount of managerial dignity, declaring that they had been rather unfortunate with the young persons whom they had permitted to use their stage to spout in "Douglas." Young Forrest's opportunities came, however, through the influence of Colonel John Swift, an influential Philadelphia citizen, who later became mayor.



John Sleeper Clarke
Who became part owner in 1865

Charlotte Cushman
Manager of the theatre in 1843

The rôle of Young Norval in those days was the one invariably chosen by the apprentices of the stage when it came to trying the tempers of audiences. In the face of Wood's fears, he was prevailed upon to change his mind and he consented to the appearance of the 14-year-old Forrest in the part.



Walnut St. Theatre

LESSEE.....E. A. MARSHALL. | STAGE MANAGER.....F. RICHINGS

Dress Circle & Parquet, 50 Cts. Upper Circles, 25 Cts. Orchestra Box Seats, 75 Cts.
Doors open at half-past 6 o'clock. Performance will commence at 7 o'clock.
Box OFFICE OPEN FROM 10 O'CLOCK, A. M. TO 4, P. M.

TREASURER.....WM. H. STUART

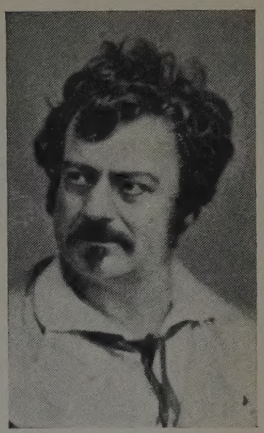
CHEER UPON CHEER
Amounting to Deafening Enthusiasm,
GREETED MR.
FORREST!
Upon his return to the Stage of this Establishment.
A More Cordial and Unanimous Welcome
Could not have been given to human being.
THIS DISTINGUISHED TRAGEDIAN
WILL THIS EVENING APPEAR AS
MACBETH!
On Thursday Evening, Nov. 11th, 1852
Will be presented SHAKSPERE'S Tragedy of
MACBETH
MACBETH, - - - MR. FORREST

Macduff	Mr. G. JORDAN	Physician	Mr. NIES
Duncan	Mr. ANDERSON	Reading Captain	Mr. POWELL
Banquo	Mr. YOUNG	Officer	Mr. ROBINSON
Malcolm	Mr. BOWERS	First Apparition	Mr. WALTER
Donalbain	Miss E. KEEN	Second do.	Mr. CHAPMAN
Seton	Mr. LANDON	Second Witch	Mr. A'WICKEY
Lennox	Mr. WALLIS	Third Witch	Mr. McBRIDE
Fleance	Miss E. KEEN		
Hecate	Mr. EMERLE	Lady Macbeth	Mrs. DUFFIELD
Seyton	Mr. ROSE	Gentlewoman	Mrs. GOULDOCK
Doctor			

PAS DE TROIS,
Miss M. A. Lee, Annie Walters and G. W. Smith.
To conclude with a New Comic Sketch, in One Act, by THOS. EGERTON WILKS, entitled

A Forrest Playbill of 1852

Wood writes of Forrest in his recollections: "Forrest was at this time a well-grown young man, with a noble figure, unusually developed for his age, his features powerfully expressive, and of a determination of purpose which further discouraged all further objections." In Forrest's first cast appeared Mrs. Jefferson, the grandmother of the late Joseph Jefferson, whose Rip Van Winkle probably never will be forgotten.



Edwin Forrest

Later, Forrest repeated Young Norval; he was seen, too, in "The Mountaineers" and "Lovers' Vows." But the public was indifferent; the highest receipts at the theatre were $315; and the youth disappeared, for the moment, into obscurity, or until his growth into manhood gave him the opportunity to command attention.

There was doubtless, little thought when Forrest was succeeded on the boards of the Walnut by the most renowned English tragedian of the age that the time would come when the fame of the Philadelphia lad would become equally widespread; for the actor was Edmund Kean. The crowds which he drew night after night were sometimes among the largest ever known in the theatres in Philadelphia. His repertory included: Richard III, Othello, Hamlet, Brutus, Lear, Macbeth and Shylock; his progress through the country was a national sensation, and to this day among all the men of genius that have since been seen on that stage there is none whose career was stranger and more notable than his.

Kean made his first appearance at the Walnut, and his first American appearance outside of New York, on April 9, 1821. As more than a month intervened between the début of Forrest and the appearance of Kean it would not strike an observer of the present day as following very closely, but in those days the succession of stars was more infrequent than it is today, and between the appearance of the theatrical asteroids the stock company kept the house open with well-worn plays.

The advent of Kean had the effect of restoring confidence in the safety of the theatre and of restoring prosperity to the managers. During the sixteen nights when Kean appeared, the receipts ran as high as $1,397, and only once fell below $650. In 1821 these were profitable houses.

During the Kean management was introduced to the American theatre the custom of calling out the players "dead or alive" at the end of the play to have them bow to an applauding audience and also to reply to the shouts with some extempore speech.

After Warren and Wood left the Walnut, Stephen Price and Edmund Simpson, for many years the greatest dramatic impresarios in the United States, leased the building, and in September, 1822, reopened the Walnut as a circus, under the old name, the Olympic Theatre. Price and Simpson tore out

Mrs. John Drew
Who made her American début on this stage in 1827

Francis C. Wemyss
Manager of the house from 1824 to 1841

the pit, which the former managers had spent so much money in installing, and once more this chosen spot of the old theatregoer was transformed into a riding-ring. During the greater part of the five years the place was under the control of these managers, "Joe" Cowell was in charge of the house.

The circus idea seems to have run its course in a short time, and in 1827 the stars of the arena were dispatched to the South, and Cowell became one of the proprietors. The building once more was transformed into the appearance of a playhouse, and it was during this period, in 1827, that the clever little Miss Louisa Lane, who became the well-beloved Mrs. John Drew of recent years, made her first appearance on the stage in this country.

Mme. Janauschek

She was about seven years old at the time and went on as one of the ill-fated princes in "Richard III." The Richard was the eccentric tragedian, Junius Brutus Booth, who frequently was seen at the Walnut as a star. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that there is a tradition that one night while playing the Duke of Gloster in "Richard III," Booth became so firmly imbued with the part that he defeated the Richmond of the night, forced the latter over the footlights, and chased him out into Walnut street where the fresh air recalled the star to his senses.

All went well on this occasion until the final scene of the last act. Came Richard's inspiring lines:

. . . . . I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die;
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain today instead of him.
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Booth had declaimed himself into such a state of frenzy that, when the scene shifted suddenly to another part of Bosworth Field and he found himself fighting with the sixth and real Richmond, it was a little too much for the tragedian. He completely forgot that history and Shakespeare were for having him die, so that Richmond might might proclaim:

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Booth refused to die. He pressed the fighting, and he pressed it so well that Richmond, Booth at his heels, dashed up the aisle and out into the street.

In the fall of the year 1827, the theatre was remodeled and enlarged, and has never since that time reverted to its original purpose, although once or twice a circus performance has been given in the building. Haviland, one of the foremost architects in America in his time, drew the plans for the façade, which, slightly altered, remains until this day. The front was constructed of Pennsylvania marble once much used in Philadelphia.

Minnie Maddern Fiske

© *Falk*

Mrs. Langtry

Following Cowell, who had succeeded Price, the managers were William B. Blake and John A. Inslee; Samuel Chapman and John Greene; Chapman, Greene and Edmonds; Samuel and William Chapman, and Robert C. Maywood, H. H. Rowbotham and Lewis T. Pratt. During this period, from 1827, when Cowell took charge, until the Maywood, Rowbotham and Pratt management abandoned the reins in 1834, the house was known as the Walnut Street Theatre. It was during the Cowell management that the great English tragedian, Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, took his leave of the American stage at the Walnut.

One of the most notable of the managers of the Walnut was Francis C. Wemyss, and it was from him that the house received still another name—The American Theatre. This it bore between 1834 and 1841, the period of his management of the house.

Wemyss was an English actor who had long before cast his lot in the United States. When Wemyss took hold of the Walnut, he was influenced in calling it The American Theatre by the strong sentiment which was then manifested in favor of giving more of a national character to theatrical life and freeing it from its almost absolute dependence on English intelligence and English ideas. Wemyss, therefore, emphasized the idea of national patriotism not only in the title of the theatre but in its equipment and adornment. The front of each gallery was embellished with pictorial representations of scenes or heroes in American history; on the drop curtain, Trumbull's painting of the "Battle of Bunker Hill" was copied, and the carved figure of an American eagle with outstretched wings was placed on the pediment of the Walnut street walls.

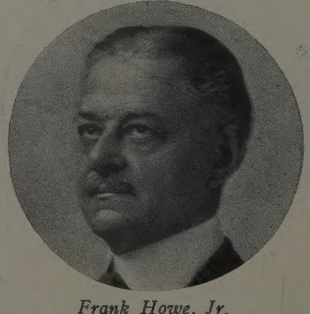
Lotta

In the seven years of his direction of the theatre, Wemyss carried out a plan of producing a new piece every Saturday night, and it was thus that "a Saturday night at the Walnut" came to be, as it was long afterward, a local phrase for the anticipation of a good time at the playhouse in winding up the week. In addition, the manager made popular prices the rule, and he also instituted the practice of maintaining prices of admission which never varied, which was something of a novelty in those days.

The Walnut Street Theatre in the last years of its long career

Wemyss's company was usually rated as a good, sometimes a strong one; many of the "stars" of the day, European as well as domestic, were engaged by him, and the management of his stage, as regards scenery and the details of spectacular production, was thought to be unsurpassed. But it was seldom that he was able to make his receipts equal his expenditures for any length of time, and, finally, he too had to retire.

Among the noted actors who appeared at the Walnut under the management of Wemyss were the elder Booth, James Sheridan Knowles, "Jim Crow" Rice, A. A. Addams, Forrest and William E. Burton.



Frank Howe, Jr.
Last manager of the Walnut Street Theatre.

In 1840, Wemyss abandoned the management of the house, being succeeded by Ethelbert A. Marshall, and later by William Dinneford. There was a great rivalry among the Philadelphia theatres in those days, rather greater than the present generation has witnessed, although the methods of theatrical managers is much the same now as then. But when the Chestnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, was announced to be under the management of Miss Maywood, daughter of Robert Maywood, who really was the directing head of the enterprise, the managers of the Walnut street house decided to meet the opposition house by putting the name of Charlotte Cushman on the bills (*Concluded on page* 572)

From a portrait by Photocraft

JOSEPHINE VICTOR

Who makes a charming figure as the sympathetic heroine in "Martinique." In a rôle that gives her splendid acting opportunities, she proves that she is one of the most talented of our young players

© Hixon-Connelly

OLGA PETROVA

Whose distinctive personality has made her a great success in vaudeville. Headlining in her own act, she is being featured throughout the country

Monroe

NITA NALDI

An Italian type—tall, dark and slender—is this young player seen in "The Bonehead"

Monroe

ANN MASON

A Southern beauty, who forsook society for the stage, making her début in "The Acquittal"

BEAUTY — OF ALL TYPES — ON OUR STAGE

From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

ALBERT PHILLIPS AS GENERAL GRANT

Who, in "Abraham Lincoln," gives a most impressive and lifelike study of America's great soldier

ARTISTS IN MIMICRY

Players who excel in imitating the peculiarities of fellow mummers

By HAROLD SETON

THE art of acting is, of course, the art of mimicry, the ability to represent varied emotions under varied circumstances. The competent actor can be comic or tragic at a moment's notice, convincingly so after a week's rehearsal. Although, as Shakespeare puts it, "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"—he can "suit the action to the word, the word to the action," and gain our interest and sympathy.

Not only can an actor simulate sentiments he does not feel, he can impersonate a young man or an old man, a good one or a bad one. He can even impersonate a woman, or an animal. (Did not Julian Eltinge triumph as "The Fascinating Widow," and did not Henry E. Dixey begin as the hind-legs of a heifer?) Another form of theatrical entertainment is the Punch and Judy, or the puppet-show, in which mannikins are manipulated so as to suggest living creatures and human emotions.

But it is with mimics as mimics that we are here concerned, players who imitate other players, reproducing peculiarities of appearance and manner. Many actors have achieved fame and fortune through such specialization. With them the ability to counterfeit the characteristics of another may be either a natural instinct or an acquired accomplishment. But, at any rate, "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery!"

The two greatest mimics of our age are women—Cissie Loftus, an Englishwoman, and Elsie Janis, an American. When Miss Loftus first visited America, in 1894, she created a genuine sensation. Everybody went to see her performance, everybody expressed astonishment and admiration. No wonder Justin Huntley McCarthy sang her praises, and sought her hand!

A SLENDER young girl stepped forth upon the stage, and paused a moment with winsome timidity. (This "business" may, of course, have been mimicry in itself! But that's another story!) After the bold and blatant women who had preceded her in the vaudeville entertainment, women who sang and danced, told jokes and walked wire, this dainty creature in her débutante frock, was a novelty indeed!

She spoke, and her voice was soft and sweet. "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I will try to imitate—" Sarah Bernhardt, Yvette Guilbert, May Irwin, Dan Daly. She not only tried—she succeeded. Cissie Loftus reproduced not only the vocal intonations, but even the physical comportment of each person designated. She not only held the mirror up to Nature, she held the mirror up to Art!

After Miss Loftus had triumphed in that line of endeavor, during several seasons in America, she sighed for new worlds to conquer, so left the music-halls, and essayed the "legitimate." She appeared in dramatic productions with Martin Harvey, Madame Modjeska, E. H. Sothern, and Henry Irving, finally starring in a piece called "The Serio-Comic Governess," written for her by Israel Zangwill. But not one of these engagements was really successful. People went to these plays because they liked Miss Loftus's imitations, but a whole evening of an imitation of this leading-lady or that leading-lady was not sufficiently diversified, so Miss Loftus returned to the music-halls, and added new characterizations to the original collection.

In the meanwhile, another exponent of the art of mimicry had appeared upon the scene, beginning as Cissie Loftus had begun, in vaudeville. In those days Elsie Janis was billed as "Little Elsie," being the daughter of a Mr. and Mrs. Bierbower, of Delaware, Ohio. After first appearing in Columbus, in 1897, she made her New York début in 1900, at the Casino Theatre Roof Garden, under the management of E. E. Rice, who had picked many winners in the Theatrical Handicap.

CISSIE LOFTUS had astonished us because she was a young girl. Elsie Janis amazed us because she was a small child. And yet she included among her presentations a counterpart of the sophisticated Eugenie Fougere, with scanty skirts and towering headgear, to say nothing of naughty winks and saucy shrugs.

Still following in the footsteps of Miss Loftus, Miss Janis left the vaudeville stage for participation in productions, and played Fifi Fricot in "The Belle of New York" and Little Miss Muffit in "Jack and the Beanstalk," finally touring in "The Fortune-Teller" and "The Little Duchess." In 1905 she returned to New York, and, at the New York Theatre Roof Garden, her newest imitations created a perfect furore, so that, even though she was subsequently starred in "The Vanderbilt Cup," "The Hoyden," and "The Fair Co-ed," impersonations were then, and are still, the principal reason for her great popularity in America and England.

Next came Gertrude Hoffman, who appeared in Anna Held's support, and offered several "impressions," including one of Miss Held herself. Since then Miss Hoffman has made a specialty of caricatures and burlesques, her victims including George M. Cohan, Ruth St. Denis, and Eddie Foy. Miss Hoffman's act is one of the most elaborately staged in vaudeville.

Ina Claire dawned upon the theatrical horizon, with an individuality slightly suggestive of Cissie Loftus, as regards girlish grace and modest manner. She introduced her mimicries into musical comedies and attracted considerable attention.

YEAR after year her artistry developed, until she surprised and startled us by her power in portraying Jane Cowl in "Within the Law," and Frances Starr in "Marie Odille." It is believed that her striking imitation of Miss Starr led David Belasco to request an interview. Be that as it may, Miss Claire made a big hit in Mr. Belasco's production of "Polly With a Past," in which, during the last two acts, Miss Claire gives a remarkable imitation of Gaby Deslys. During the first act she gives a captivating imitation of—Ina Claire.

Of course there are other mimics, many many others, but few of them rise above mediocrity, with perhaps the single exception of a young woman known as Miss Juliet, who has appeared in vaudeville, and has offered her specialty in musical revues.

From time to time, during long years of playgoing, the present writer has seen well-known actors give excellent impersonations. For instance, away back in 1893, in a travesty called "The Poet and the Puppets," at the Garden Theatre, Henry Miller impersonated Oscar Wilde, and not only made-up to resemble the noted æsthete, but also mocked his voice and his manner.

In 1895 Louis Mann was in the cast of "The Merry World," at the Casino Theatre, and distinguished himself in an imitation of Wilton Lackaye as Svengali, the villain of "Trilby." In another Casino burlesque, Louis Harrison offered an amusing portrait of Oscar Hammerstein.

In 1904 Alexander Carr gained notice through an imitation of David Warfield, the characterization being introduced in a piece called "Wine, Women and Song," at the Circle Theatre. It was after that that the Shuberts engaged Mr. Carr for a production at the Casino Theatre.

Fay Templeton gave many evidences of ability as a mimic during several seasons with Weber and Fields at their famous Music Hall. Her satire on Mrs. Leslie Carter was a notable one, and was especially interesting, in view of the fact that Miss Templeton and Mrs. Carter were cast by nature in different molds.

MISS TEMPLETON also burlesqued Millie James, who had been starred in "The Little Princess," a forerunner of the Glads and Pollyannas.

Valli Valli, in a recent Cohan revue, gave an imitation of Julia Sanderson, the Sanderson sweetness cleverly caricatured. In two of these Cohan revues Charles Winninger introduced a striking mimicry of Leo Ditrichstein, first in "The Great Lover," and then in "The King." Years ago, in a revue at the New York Theatre, Ada Lewis made a hit with an imitation of Mrs. Fiske.

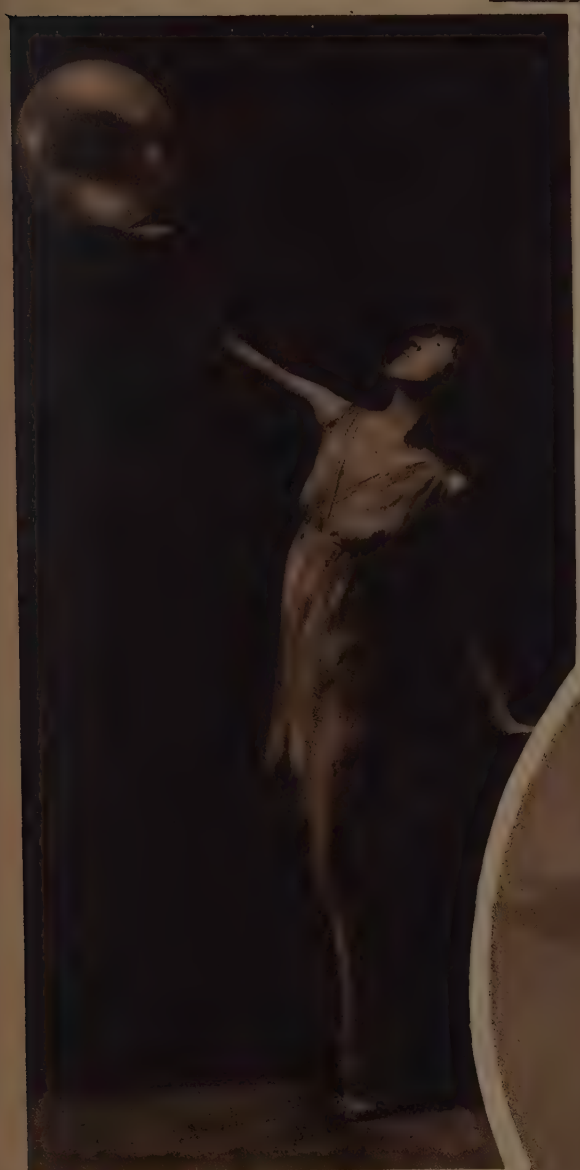
Joseph Jefferson, Jr., has played "Rip Van Winkle," giving an imitation of his father, the late Joseph Jefferson. E. H. Sothern has played "Dundreary," giving an imitation of his father, E. A. Sothern And James K. Hackett has played "The Merry Wives of Windsor," giving an imitation of his father, James H. Hackett. A curious performance was that of José Collins, who, during her last engagement in New York, before returning to London, gave an "imitation" of her mother, Lottie Collins, singing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," although the daughter had never heard the mother warble the delectable ditty that will always be associated with her name.

Henry E. Dixey achieved a phenomenal success in "Adonis," which was first produced in 1884, his American triumph being duplicated during an engagement in England. One of the features of the piece was (*Concluded on page* 566)

(Below)

GRACE CHRISTIE

A pupil of Florence Fleming Noyes, whose beautiful "Dance of the Silver Bubble," in "What's In a Name" is a rare artistic treat



Photos Maurice Goldberg

ALEXANDER OUMANSKY, RUTH PAGE AND JOHN LESLIE

Three graceful and picturesque members of the Bolm Ballet

(Right)

MLLE DAZIE

This well-known and gifted daughter of Terpsichore contributed a striking dancing number as the slave girl in "Aphrodite," and will appear shortly in a new play

SOME REASONS FOR THE DANCING VOGUE

Two portraits by Photocraft

JULIA MARLOWE AS OPHELIA

E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

THE UNLOVED WOMAN ON THE STAGE

An actress must interpret the tragedies of life no matter how distasteful the role

By NANCE O'NEIL

SOMEONE has pointed out to me recently that I have nearly always interpreted the unloved woman in the theatre, the woman crucified by the unseen, the conventional traditions.

I have been thinking about it, why the unloved woman is the shining mark in tragedy of fiction and stage, why it has been my fate to interpret her. It is true enough as to plays.

In "The Lily" I was a woman enduring the tortures of sacrifice for the traditions of family pride that stifled the sacred fires of a passionate womanhood. In "Magda" in "The Fires of St. John," as Lady Macbeth, in "The Passion Flower," the predominating conflict is the betrayal of a woman's soul.

It had not occurred to me before as being the prevailing impulse of my work as an actress. Believing as I do that the emotions of the acting-hour in the theatre are real, the impression that the stage has been an altar upon which I have given myself as an offering, becomes clear. A voluntary sacrifice to be sure, yet, most reverently bestowed. The choice has been no vagrant impulse of vanity, no egotism to become a "star" no worldly plan to snatch success as I might find it, luckily, transiently. Whatever may be said against me, in this confession of intimate devotion to the stage, I have never failed to respect the art I serve, nor betrayed my conception of its purpose.

THERE is something of fanaticism in all artists, that they hesitate to acknowledge, fearing, of course, the penalty of being true. That, however, is the great miracle of art, the courage of being true to oneself in it. The power of any great moment of inspiration that may be given an artist, is the simplicity with which it siezes the imagination of others. Truth is the unconquerable law of life, and yet in criticism, in literature, in plays, in acting, how timidly we apply it. The woman who stifles the truth in her heart, that she is no longer loved, is a tragic figure, indeed. And it seems, that has been my task as an actress.

If it had not been that a certain fanaticism for searching the truth in all things had not always possessed me, I might not have understood so keenly the horror of the unloved woman of the play. An actress must be a woman whose emotional perceptions are true, and to make them so, she must have a fine contempt for any art or thought that betrays them for something false. It is possible that in the tense necessities of her art, she may be forced to solve some riddles of her sex, to penetrate the idle motives of her life, that her art may be brimming over with holy fire. Perhaps the problems that beset the artist in her work may concern questions of importance in the lives of women who have been less articulate. An artist of any thought should symbolize many perplexities of life that others pass in years of misunderstanding. Let's think about the real drama of the unloved woman.

In the course of events that engulf the heart of any woman who is an alert rebel of her sex (and what modern woman is not), there are all sorts of difficulties that no one understands but herself. The women who have gone deep into the swamps of feeling, because the invisible chart of their soul has led them there, are among the unloved women. For a woman to be unloved in the sense of the highest virtue that love means to her, is to sacrifice herself. If she does this, and she is a valiant rebel against the forces that bind her, some day the storm that has been brewing in her silent, patient soul, bursts, uproots the commonplace things in her life, and leaves a barren waste about her—but—only for a time. There is always the horizon, eternally beckoning the woman of deep feeling, as the blue outline of the hills in California beckoned to me when I was a child.

OFTEN in women who live out their destinies in the small places into which they have been driven, there is a storm that broods but never bursts. Few women realize the joy of real liberty, not merely the freedom of time and place, but the greater freedom of supreme faith in their own feeling. They distrust their emotions and so confuse their lives. Foreseeing this, with the blind intuition that children sometimes have, I wrote in my first diary this defiant rule of life:

"Better an outlaw than not free."

Many things have conspired to confirm the wisdom of this text to the woman who is destined to ride the storm. She is compelled to harness the raging elements of her soul, or find herself lost in their turmoil. If this sounds extravagant, it is because experiences are rarely told, because women hide themselves too much in the mists of worn out tradition.

We are rebels because we are so badly governed by those we love, because those who govern us often, blindly, no doubt, betray us. The unloved woman is usually just such, the victim of some man too stupid to know the difference between heaven and earth. The artist, with all the gifted impulse of creative talent, is quite as helpless in this as the inarticulate soul.

BUT, then, there is a thing called ambition, that women used to speak of for themselves, in whispers. Today we are talking about it frankly, though without much savor of inspiration, beyond practical expedients for independent women. Even in the theatre, women regard a career on the stage as if it were only a commercial outlook, a fine business. I cannot share such views. Some weigh the values of their art in gold bullion, as if they could buy and sell the mysteries of their souls. The less we think of these things in relation to artistic work, the better. I mention it with passing regret, for, in the years that I have given to my art, not once have I dared to neglect the vow I gave it, to obey the impulse of my emotion.

If our lives were as immutably fixed as the stars, we might resign ourselves to the grip of unalterable laws, but what splendid freedom of spiritual atmosphere the woman is given by the fluid, inspiration faculties of her sex. And how hesitatingly she applies them to her life. I would not have any woman lose a bit of her electric sensibilities, so finely keen can they be to the complex art of her intuition. We are so fine-spun, some of us, in our temperament, that we need our utmost strength to resist the slightest blow that bends us to the earth. I have found myself as if suddenly bound by invisible bands of iron, made rigid in body, and speechless, by some careless word or deed, and as easily lifted to keen inspiration in my work, by the soothing voice, or a thought well said. Women have so much power to endure, that they hide their bruises with their tears. There are spiritual horrors that women meet in the course of their lives which are beyond the comprehension of men who cause them. If the spirit could ever die, women would have become extinct by now. Just because they have physical beauty, or a compelling tenderness of soul, the unloved woman becomes the unfathomable tragedy, the victim of inexcusable brutality. Even when she rides the storm that lifts her finally to tragic heights of emotional purpose, there is infinite pity in her soul for the disaster to those she banishes.

AN actress, through the clarifying light of her emotion, translates the tragedies of life, for in any masterful play there is always the theme of some universal truth. It has been my privilege to find such plays, my joy to confirm their relation to the secret tragedy of all women's lives.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty the artist encounters is the understanding partnership of associated faith of those who are in the work also. Like other women who have in them always the emotional dilemma, actresses require protection in their art from blind abuse, from savage criticism. Their work is their religion, if they are seeking the best in their art, and to abuse that faith is to rob them, to dishonor them.

For myself, for my own creed of freedom, I allow no apologies in my soul for the truth. Women who succumb to that lie in their hearts that hides the truth, have my deepest sympathy. I have a clear understanding of the tragic consequences of that lie, but the unloved woman, apart from the emotional interest she gives the artist, is inexcusably wrong, to my mind. Pity her I can, share the emotional agony of her soul I do, but she must emerge no matter what the consequences. Domestic convenience, which has held so many unloved women in the biting chains of their imprisoned souls, seems a great price to pay for very little. It is true that one tangle leads to another, and in the accumulated entanglement of her emotions a woman may become confused and helpless. We are not all equal to the exertions of our utmost strength. Tradition has made women cowardly. Still, the freedom of all the Madgas of the world has been worthwhile, if only to enlarge the scope of a woman's emotional conquest of her own soul

Photocraft

Miriam Battista and Junior Tiernan are a pert couple in the Kiddies Sextette in "Florodora"

Campbell

LILLIAN ROTH

The remarkable little child actress whose sympathetic performance in "Shavings" has helped that comedy to success

Mishkin

SYDNEY THOMPSON

A young actress of unusual distinction whose dramatic readings and ballad recitals reveal a player of rare power and charm

Charlotte Fairchild

It's hard to think of the debonair John Drew as grandfather, but tiny John Drew Devereaux is evidence irrefutable

HIGH LIGHTS IN THE PASSING SHOW

Genthe

BEATRICE CARLYLE

In the "Ziegfeld Nine O'Clock Revue" Miss Carlyle proves that she is possessed of the golden key to success—beauty

Ira L. Hill

SUSAN GIVEN

Little wonder that "Scandal" is one of the reigning hits of the season when it can boast of such gifted players in its cast as this clever young actress

Campbell

BETH MARTIN

This fair daughter of the well known American tenor, Riccardo Martin, is charming as the crinolined Ursula in "Not So Long Ago"

WINNING LAURELS ON BROADWAY

William Sampson, Martha Hedman and Charles Halton in Fred Jackson's drama of crooks, mystery and spiritualism—"The Hole in the Wall"

White

Stewart E. Wilson, Regina Wallace, Crane Wilbur and George Gaul in "The Ouija Board," a thriller which lives up to its timely title

SCENES IN THRILLERS THAT THRILL

WHO'S WHO ON BROADWAY

Players who have scored individual hits in current metropolitan productions

THIS season has brought more than the usual number of struggling actors to the front and prominent among them is Dudley Digges, who waited many years for his chance. True, last season as the cowardly green grocer in "John Ferguson," the surprisingly substantial success of The Theatre Guild, he had his first big part, but this year as Henry Clegg in the Guild's very excellent production of St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg," Mr. Digges has been able to establish himself firmly on Broadway.

Mr. Digges is a graduate of the Irish National Theatre in Dublin, an organization with which he was identified at its inception. Digges, however, differed from the other members by the fact that he was an amateur. He had gained quite a reputation as an amateur in Dublin as a member of W. G. Fay's company of amateurs, who presented a repertory of more than twenty old farces.

When the Irish National Theatre was organized in 1902 by Lady Gregory, George Russel, W. B. Yeats and others for the development of Irish culture, Dudley Digges was one of its first members. There are perhaps a dozen Irish playwrights whose works are well known in Ireland and England today, and much credit is due the Irish National Theatre that gave these playwrights their opportunity. There might have been no "John Ferguson" or "Jane Clegg" for Mr. Digges, had it not been for the Irish National Theatre.

MR. Digges got his first chance at acting when it came time to choose players for the initial productions, and it was discovered that all the professional Irish players were in England. Volunteer amateurs were called for and Digges applied. This is how he became associated with the organization.

A few years later, in 1904, Mr. Digges came to America. His first appearance here, strangely enough, was at the Garrick Theatre, but this was long before the Theatre Guild or its forerunner, the Washington Square Players, came into existence. Digges played with Arnold Daly in "John Bull's Other Island." Later he became a member of Mrs. Fiske's Manhattan Company in "The New York Idea." After this he was unsuccessful in obtaining employment as an actor, so he took the first thing that presented itself and that was a job as stage manager for George Arliss. He held this position for eight years and never once during that time had an opportunity of acting. He did not, however, give up his ambition for a stage career. Indeed, he attributes much of his present success to his excellent training under Mrs. Fiske and Messrs. Daly and Arliss.

Then the Theatre Guild was formed and Digges found the opportunity for which he had been longing when "John Ferguson" was being cast. He was given the rôle of the weakling, the first part he had ever had that gave him a fair chance to test his ability at character creation. He made good. It was something to "get his teeth in" and once he had a good hold he knew what to do with it. His eight years as stage manager for Mr. Arliss had not been wasted. He had learned much from Arliss that helped to make him the actor he is now.

This year Mr. Digges plays the part of Henry Clegg, the naturally weak man, the husband of Jane Clegg and a rotter. So flawless is his performance and so starkly realistic is his dialogue that the audience continually gasps at the brazen effrontery of the man.

IN a season distinguished by the unusually brilliant playing of juveniles, the work of William Harrigan—son of the beloved Ned Harrigan, of the famous team of Harrigan and Hart—as the newspaper reporter hero of "The Acquittal," may be reckoned among the very finest of the year. Indeed, the interest of the play largely centers around Harrigan's gripping and appealing performance, and his authentic portrayal of a real live newspaper man has been hailed as the first true characterization of a gentleman of the press that the stage has seen.

William Harrigan is a true aristocrat of the stage, his ancestry dating back more than 200 years on his mother's side, a Braham of the English stage gentry. But among American playgoers, young Harrigan needs no more remote lineal endorsement than his father, whose partnership with Hart provides one of the brightest pages in American stage history. These partners met in Chicago, where Harrigan, as a lad of 17, had drifted after a tour of the California mining camps. The first Harrigan and Hart success in New York was in "The Mulligan Guards," which made them famous. For the next thirty years they had a succession of hits in plays written and directed by Harrigan.

Notable among these plays were, "Old Lavender," in which young William Harrigan made his stage début, the "Mulligan" series of seven plays, "Pete," and "Riley and the Four Hundred," plays that reflect much of the life of New York from 1830 to 1895.

Graduating from his father's company, young Harrigan supported Arnold Daly for three years and then became leading man for Mabel Taliaferro in "The Land of Heart's Desire," "Springtime," and "The Call of the Cricket," and for Elsie Ferguson in "Ambition."

HE was in the original company of Eugene Walter's "Fine Feathers," and played two years in "Bought and Paid For." He played the leading juvenile rôle in "The Melody of Youth," with Brandon Tynan and then went to Australia on a starring contract. Harrigan was appearing there in "Ready Money," when war was declared.

He joined the Anzacs and went to France in an Australian regiment, but was transferred to the A. E. F. when America entered the war and served as Captain of the Third Battalion, 307th Infantry. He was wounded in the Argonne after fourteen months in active service; spent six months in the hospital and was engaged for "The Acquittal" during convalescence, by George M. Cohan. As the pseudo-detective police reporter, he has scored his greatest stage success. Both his brothers, Philip and Nolan also served during the war as Captains in the A. E. F.

HARRY BERESFORD, like Dudley Digges, has two distinctive Broadway hits to his credit, made in two successive seasons—but unlike Digges, the residents of Topeka, St. Joe and Omaha, and other points West, have long recognized Beresford's talents as a leading character comedian, for he has been an annual visitor to these cities for the past score of years.

Nearly thirty years of almost constant trouping on the road is Beresford's record before he reached Broadway last season to register a profound hit as Peep O'Day, the beloved vagabond of Irwin Cobb's "Boys Will Be Boys." This season in the title rôle of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod comedy, "Shavings," Beresford has again emphasized the sterling qualities of his art made so manifest in his initial appearance on Broadway. There is now no doubt that Beresford has arrived to stay.

An Englishman by birth, at the age of seventeen, while studying to be a schoolmaster, young Beresford had the opportunity to come to America with Henry E. Dixey. There followed then a tour of the West with Beresford in the rôle of an old man, a type from which he seems never to have been able to escape.

Later he went into repertoire, always playing old men. After twenty years long acquaintance with Western audiences, Beresford found that his name came to have a business value and he ventured to bill himself as a star. His "vehicles" were usually the Barrie plays and comedies—such as "The Professor's Love Story"—written for E. S. Willard. Later Beresford starred for several seasons in vaudeville.

Although Harry Beresford has been playing old men for most of the forty-seven years of his life, his part in "Shavings" is the first rôle he has ever portrayed which is anywhere near his age.

A VILLAIN who is so human that he is almost likable, who saunters nonchalantly through Channing Pollock's melodramatic triumph, "The Sign on the Door," and by his superb performance shares with the star the acting honors—such is Lowell Sherman.

Mr. Sherman comes naturally by his histrionic talent. His maternal grandmother, Kate Grey, supported Julius Brutus Booth, Sr., at the Boston Museum and went with him to the Jenny Lind Theatre in California, later playing the mining camps with Edwin Booth. His father, John Sherman, was associated with the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, when Lowell was born. His mother was also a professional.

Lowell Sherman began his stage career as a tiny tot, posing in tabloid living pictures which his father produced as a vaudeville act. However, he did not make his professional début until he was fourteen years old, when he appeared at the old Fifth (*Continued on page 566*)

Maurice Goldberg

RUTH DONNELLY

Versatile Miss Donnelly is as amusing in Greenwich Village garb as she is lovely in hoopskirts. An important member in the Sam Bernard-Irene Bordoni revue "As You Were"

ED. WYNN

Even though the star and author of the "Carnival" that bears his name holds center stage most of the time, the audience never gets enough of his merriment, his jokes and his screamingly funny facial expressions

(Right)

George McKay and Rene Riano are responsible for gales of laughter in the new musical comedy "Honey Girl"

White

SOME WEARERS OF THE MASK OF COMEDY

Edward Thayer Monroe

ADELE ROWLAND

Who is attractive, clever, and full of pep in the title rôle of "Irene" the musical hit at the Vanderbilt

Photocraft

(Left)

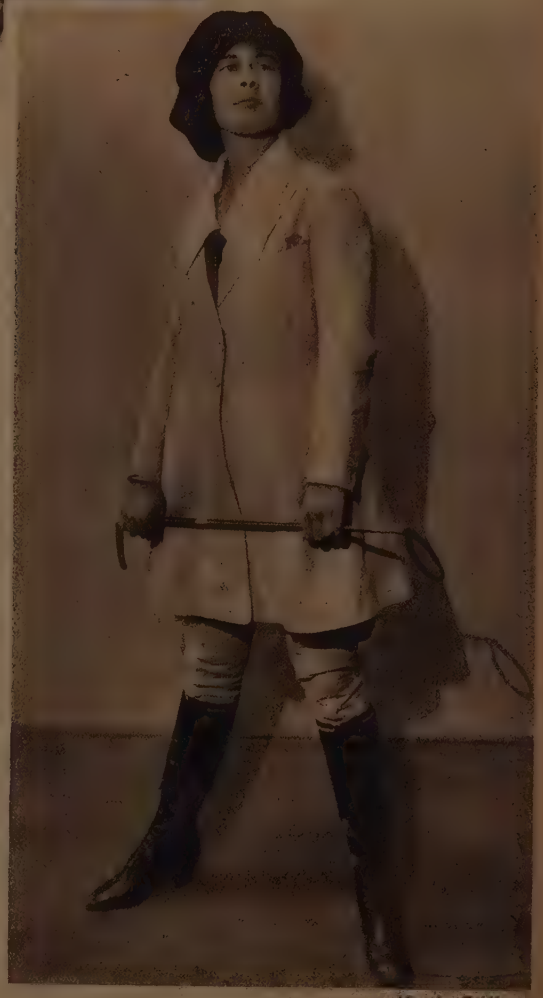
MARION SUNSHINE

In "The Girl From Home" the new farce with music at the Globe, dainty Marion is, indeed, a little ray of Sunshine

(Right)

ANNA WHEATON

Whose vivacity, grace and charm are potent aids to the success of "3 Showers"



Maurice Goldberg

MUSES OF MUSICAL COMEDY

Photocraft

SYDNEY BLACKMER AND EVA LE GALLIENNE, THE YOUNG LOVERS IN THE ROMANTIC COMEDY "NOT SO LONG AGO" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

Muriella

PAULINE GARON

A picturesque figure in "Buddies" is Babette, the little Brittany maid at whose home the soldiers are billeted

Edward Thayer Monroe

MOLLY PEARSON

Scotch to her finger tips is the sharp witted, canny Meg Duncan of "Lassie" and Miss Pearson invests the rôle with rare humor

White

VIRGINIA HAMMOND

Who plays Angelica, the fascinating widow who causes trouble in the Fair family in the popular play "The Famous Mrs. Fair" at Henry Miller Theatre

PLAYERS OF TALENT AND CHARM

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

BOOTH. "Not So Long Ago." Romantic comedy in three acts by Arthur Richman. Produced May 4, with this cast:

A Lamplighter	John Gray
Sylvia	Margaret Mosier
Mary	Leatta Miller
Elsie Dover	Eva Le Gallienne
Sam Robinson	Thomas Mitchell
Michael Dover	George H. Trader
Mrs. Ballard	Esther Lyon
Ursula Ballard	Beth Martin
Agnes	Mollie Adams
Rosamond Gill	Mary Kennedy
Billy Ballard	Sidney Blackmer
Rupert Hancock	Gilbert Douglas

EVERY now and again there comes to town, quite upheralded, an unpretentious little comedy whose simple story and quaint characters prove decidedly refreshing after the season's long debauch of nasty bedroom farce and hectic melodrama.

Such a play is "Not So Long Ago," meaning the early 70's—the period of the bustle and the crinoline. The scene is New York City only fifty years since, yet a century in time might well have elapsed, so wide is the gap between the ways of Manhattan, then and now. These crinoline plays have always a distinct charm of their own and of late the sagacious dramatist has found it a profitable field. No doubt there was as much sordidness and vulgarity in the seventies as today, but the playwright pleasantly ignores it. To him, as to many of us, the crinoline is redolent of sweetness, charm and grace of manner. In our slangy, vulgar age, one welcomes even a fleeting glimpse of a time when good manners reigned, and the bolshevik was unknown.

The story is again that of Cinderella—this time a pretty little seamstress who scorns the clumsy suitor, a loquacious drummer, picked out for her by her father, and has given her girlish heart to the son of her aristocratic employer because "his manners are so beautiful." Of course, she has never even spoken to her hero and when she confides to her girl friends that he reciprocates her love and is going to marry her, she is drawing wholly on her fertile imagination. She likes to conjure up mental pictures of this sort and is an adept in making people believe her innocent little fibs.

In short, the kind of play on which Barrie has set his trade mark. Not that the author of "Not So Long Ago" is a Barrie by any means. His dialogue, while it serves, lacks originality and distinction and much of his humor is forced. Yet he has turned out a very agreeable comedy which keeps the spectator interested and amused from start to finish.

The piece is so fragile that its success depends entirely on the actors and these, it may be said at once, acquitted themselves superlatively well. The honors of the evening went, of course, to Eva Le Gallienne, altogether charming as the romantically untruthful little seamstress. The greater burden of the play, however, rested on the capable shoulders of Sidney Blackmer, practically a newcomer to Broadway. As the unsophisticated scion of the old Knickerbocker family trying to side step the unwelcome attentions of his mother's employee, Mr. Blackmer was delightfully naive and natural. The part calls for ingenuous *gaucherie*. A single false note and the play would have been ruined. But the actor played the difficult rôle in exactly the right key, gaining at once the sympathy of the audience and the hand of the girl. Mr. Blackmer will be heard of again.

Esther Lyon, an actress astonishingly like Agnes Booth in face and manner, was capital as the aristocratic mother, and Beth Martin acquitted herself well as the daughter. George Trader gave an excellent portrayal of an old inventor too much engrossed in his hobbies to pay heed to the courting going on around him.

Go and see "Not So Long Ago." It's one of the rare treats of the season.

CASINO. "Betty, Be Good." Musical farce in three acts. Music by Hugo Riesenfeld, lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Adapted from a French vaudeville by Scribe. Produced on May 4 with this cast:

First Bridesmaid	Grace Hallam
First Guest	Gladys Elliott
Second Guest	Louise Hersey
Page	Frances Grant
Somers Short	Raymond Oswald
Phillip Fuller	Worthington Romaine
Maggie	Jeanette Wilson
Berenice	Thy Daly
Col. Ichabod Starkweather	Eddie Garvie
Mrs. Starkweather	Josie Intropidi
Tom Price	Irving Beebe
Amy Starkweather	Georgia Hewitt
Sam Kirby	Frank Crumit
Betty Lee	Josephine Whittell
Marion Love	Vivienne Oakland
Madame O'Toole	Lucille Manion

BETTY Be Good" could be better. It is a strictly orthodox musical show, with orthodox tunes by Dr. Hugo Riesenfeld, who has been giving the public what it wants in the way of music at the Rialto for these several years.

No author or adaptor is mentioned for the book, except that it has been taken from a "French" (not a Russian or a Turkish or a Sanskrit) "vaudeville by Scribe." And it looks it. For door-slamming and wife-deceiving and mistaken identity and coincidental herding of characters into one apartment, as well as for sniggering jests on the bridal night, "Betty, Be Good" yields the palm to no other musical opus of the season.

Betty is a comic opera queen who turns up inopportunely at Lenox (of all places!), Mass., just as one of her lovers is being married to the daughter of another. Old wives and new, accordingly, have to be regularly and persistently deluded the rest of the evening. Chance was never so freakish, surely, as when she caused the best man to sublet for the newly-weds the New York apartment of Betty herself, which the actress had rented from the fortune-teller, whom the mother-in-law habitually consulted, and everybody arrived just as the fortune-teller's daughter was rehearsing a new cabaret act with a flock of "ponies." Thus you can see, as Ed Wynn has it, how the author has connected up the story.

Most of the gaiety of the proceedings is contributed by Frank Crumit, as the best man, and Vivienne Oakland, a most personable young woman who plays the fortune-teller's daughter. Their song, *"I'd Like To Take You Away,"* with much accompanying nonsense, was

most rapturously applauded; although the oft-repeated *"Keep the Love Lamp Burning,"* sung by Josephine Whittell as Betty, aroused enthusiasm. Irving Beebe, Eddie Garvie, Georgia Hewitt, and Josie Intropidi are others who work hard to treat the customers right.

Some violent and interesting dancing is contributed by Grant and Wing, who don't look in the least Grantish or Wingish. Where do they get those names?

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "FOOT-LOOSE." Play in three acts by Zoe Akins, adapted from "Forget-Me-Not," by H. C. Merivale and F. C. Grove. Produced on May 10 with this cast:

Prince Malleotti	Robert Casadesus
Alice Verney	Elizabeth Risdon
Rose de Brissac	Tallulah Bankhead
Pietro	John Webster
Barrato	O. P. Heggie
Sir Horace Welby	Norman Trevor
Stephanie, Marquis de Mohrivart	Emily Stevens
Lady Phyllis Nelson	Lillian Brennard

OLD playgoers with vividly pleasant recollections of Genevieve Ward and Rose Coghlan in the rôle of Stephanie will not have them disturbed if they chance to see Emily Stevens as the unscrupulous declassée in the new version of "Forget-Me-Not," which Zoe Akins has prepared for presentation under the title of "Foot-Loose."

It must have been that the personal distinction and authoritative methods of the elder actresses had much to do in making the play the sensational success it was in the early eighties, for a rehearing proves conclusively that play construction has gone ahead by leaps and bounds since H. C. Merivale and F. C. Grove wrote the piece about which there was so much litigation. Miss Akins has not succeeded in demonstrating that "Forget-Me-Not" or "Foot-Loose" is other than a very talky old-fashioned drawing-room melodrama. Nor can I see that her colloquial embellishments have robbed the text of any of its conventional staginess or added to the dialogue anything particularly brilliant in wit or repartee.

Miss Stevens' impersonation of Stephanie is in one respect at least a great improvement over that which she gave in the title rôle of Sophie. It is physically less nervous. She has better control of herself, and her diction is less hurried. She was intelligible, and if she lacked the grand manner so associated with the successful blackmailer, intent on rehabilitating her social position—for "vamps" who move in the higher circles must have some of the superficial refinements if they'd accomplish their wretched designs—it was still an impersonation that stood vividly out and in a measure carried a certain amount of theatrical conviction. Personally, I like elegance and distinction when the requirements call for such attributes.

Norman Trevor was Sir Horace Welby, the self-contained resourceful Englishman of the world who circumvents the adventuress. Mr. Trevor was moderately happy in the rôle.

Personally, I think O. P. Heggie in his own particular line an artist, but Mr. Heggie's gentle, kindly individuality does not evolve successfully into a bloodthirsty Corsican. Elizabeth Risdon, Tallulah Bankhead and Lillian Brennard figured in the cast which included Robert Casadesus as an impressionable Italian doctor and John Webster as a self-contained servant. I thought Mr. Webster the best in the cast.

A very attractive interior of a palazzo, with a view of Rome, designed by Clifford E. Pember, gave a background of artistic and valuable local color.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "ALL SOUL'S EVE." Play in three acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner. Produced on May 12 with this cast:

Alison Heath	Lola Fisher
Peter	Leland Chandler
Katy	Eleanor Hutchinson
Olivia Larkin	Anne Faystone
Jim Heath	Cyril Keightley
Dr. Sandy McAlister	Clifford Dempsey
Edward Knox, Jr.	Walter Kingsford
Norah	Lola Fisher
Tom Larkin	John Thorn
Rua	Manabozho

THOUGH sufficiently engrossing from a theatrical standpoint, "All Soul's Eve," the latest of the season's many spook dramas, will hardly add much to the reputations of any persons concerned. Its philosophy is primitive, its construction amateurish, and its message more or less muddled.

The superstition that on All Souls' Eve the spirits of the dead return to earth, and that if the ghost of a mother be recognized by her child, she may enter as a permanent resident the body of someone close to the child, is the basis for the play. The mother in this case is a paragon. Instantly killed in a motor accident, she returns, like Peter Grimm, to a distracted household, and finds herself unable to communicate with any of the living who so distressingly need her ministrations.

On All Souls' Eve, however, her sick boy of four recognizes her as she kneels at his bedside, and she proceeds to inhabit the person of Nora, a stray Irish nurse, who thereafter loses her own characteristics and takes on those of the dead woman.

The play at that point should be about over, but another act is appended in which an elaborate tropical storm occurs, so that the widower may in a flash of lightning see in Nora his departed wife.

"All Souls' Eve," as I have indicated, interests, although it does not convince, until the end of the transmigration scene in the second act. The incidents of the slain mother and of the almost dying child are quite harrowing, and there is little relief by way of comedy.

Lola Fisher and Cyril Keightley, both featured, do very well with the rôles of the child's parents, Miss Fisher doubling as the Irish girl, Nora. The rest of the cast is satisfactory.

But the more I see of spiritism on the stage these days, the more I am tempted to give up the future life altogether.

ELTINGE. "MARTINIQUE." Play in three acts by Laurence Eyre. Produced on April 26 with this cast:

Dede	Mary Laura Moore
Youte	Juliette Crosby
Ye	Charles Kraus
Rufz Quembo	Arthur Hohl
Marie-Clemence De Chauvalons	Helen Blair
Madame De Chauvalons	Ida Waterman
Pere Benedict	Emmett Corrigan
Stephane Seguineau	Vincent Coleman
Paul Vauclin	Fleming Warde
Zabette De Chauvalons	Josephine Victor
Nini	Mary Laura Moore
Azaline	Maldel Turner
Maximilien Bezart	Frank Dawson
The Pastry Seller	Stewart Evans
Cendrine	Juliette Crosby
Yzore	Margaret Bird
Pierre Girotte	Donald Call
Fabien Larides	Howard Henchley
Loulouze	Marion Dyer
Diogenes	Roy Hunt
Dr. Arnauld	Robert Heyworth
Sister of Mercy	Mercides Lee

IF "Martinique," Laurence Eyre's romance of the French West Indies, were as clearly told as its picturesque environment is happily expressed, it would be a much better play than it really is. In these days we are quite justified in exacting something more subtle in the way of an exposition than Mr. Eyre sets forth in getting his play under way.

The first act is hopelessly old-fash-

ioned in its naive recital of facts necessary for the proper information of those in front. It is clumsy and yet here and there are bits of delicate charm and vivid sensuous expression of a lazy, irresponsible life in the tropics. It is unnecessarily involved and almost in spite of its author retails with romantic fervor the trials and tribulations of an illegitimate daughter who arrives in Martinique only to find her father is dead and that she must vigorously fight the natural opposition of her relations in blood.

This sympathetic, showy and exacting rôle falls to the province of Josephine Victor, an actress too infrequently seen on the metropolitan boards. It is a performance which calls for a prompt recognition of the technical skill expressed in its delineation and for a gracious recognition of the charm, sweetness and power emphasized in the personality of the talented actress who enacts the rôle.

The second act, a segregated quarter in St. Pierre, is replete with local color. Here the action is cumulatively dramatic and in denoting the deeper emotional qualities called for, Miss Victor gives an admirable response. Her father's wife is played with aristocratic authority by Ida Waterman and her half sister—a most unsympathetic rôle—is handled with delicacy and sustained power by Helen Blair. A conventionally theatrical and rotund Père Benedict was contributed by Emmett Corrigan and his brother, the juvenile lead of the play, was acted with tact, feeling and distinction by Vincent Coleman.

The mulatto villain of the piece was picturesquely denoted by Arthur Hohl. Minor rôles were intelligently acted by Mary Laura Moore, Juliette Crosby, Maidel Turner, Donald Call and Howard Henchley. Atmosphere and beauty were typically represented in the three stage sets designed and executed by Lee Simonson.

BELMONT. "His Chinese Wife." Drama in three acts by Forrest Halsey and Clara Beranger. Produced on May 17 with this cast:

Cecelia Sturgis	Ethel Wright
Livingston Sturgis	Frank Connor
Rodney Sturgis	Forrest Winant
Mrs. Rodney Sturgis (Tea Flower)	Madeline Delmar
Wan Ti Ti	Laura Clairon
Mrs. Maria Victoria Sturgis,	Mabel Bert
Mrs. Caroline Stockton,	Jane Meredith
Inspector from Immigration Bureau	George L. Brown
Jane	Frederica Going
Mrs. Alaide Barring	Frances Neilson
Mrs. Corinne Sturgis	Leah Winslow
Elise, a maid	Vernon Brown
Mrs. Maria Victoria Sturgis	Mabel Bert

WHEN the Chinese princess Tea Flower picked a New Jersey family to marry into, she was decidedly out of luck. No such contemptible band of rotters has held our stage in recent years—not in "Peg o' My Heart," not even in "The Wonderful Thing"—as Forrest Halsey and Clara Beranger have gathered together for "The Chinese Wife."

The Messrs. Blaney, long producers in stock of sure-fire hits, have apparently sought to do the trick on Broadway with this piece. It is duly concocted of "East Is West" ingredients, with a liberal admixture of "A Fool There Was." The net result is just another of those sad things in which humanity and truth are tortured out of all semblance for the sake of what the authors conceive to be dramatic situations. It's a mistake, however, for these situations merely bore; whereas, if they were dramatic, they would undoubtedly be interesting.

Tea Flower had a hard time of it. She raised her white husband from the gutter before she married him, and after marriage had to repeat. Meanwhile, his mother, his brother, and his sisters were competing with his former sweetheart to see which could be the most incredibly despicable.

This posture of affairs gave Tea Flower certain opportunities to be slangy and profane and to satirize Western "civilization." Miss Delmar, in the title rôle, was only occasionally pathetic.

Forrest Winant labored valiantly with a bafflingly contradictory rôle—that of the American husband. Jane Meredith was the verbose vamp. Everybody else made the remaining characters as repulsive as possible.

PARK. "Macushla." Play in four acts, by Rida Johnson Young. Produced on May 17 with this cast:

Sir Brian Fitzgerald	Chauncey Olcott
Warren Fairchild	Leo Stark
Thomas Wiggins	John Todd
Dinny O'mara, the Ostler	John Hamilton
Sandy McNab, Overseer	Joe Kennedy
Dawkins, a Jockey	J. Arthur O'Brien
Patricia Boyer	Allyn Gillyn
Mrs. Boyer	Josie Claflin
Gwendolin Fairchild	Nellie Strong
Lady Dorothy Hammond	Louise Francis
A Bookmaker	James Marr

TIME smiles benignly at Chauncey Olcott, and then passes him by. For, though it has been too many years to recall, since he first appeared with a refreshing assortment of lilting Irish songs, he is still playing the rôle of a young and blarneying lover, and "getting gaily away with it," so to speak.

His new comedy is called "Macushla," and for the enlightenment of those who do not understand this love-word of Erin, be it known that Macushla means "pulse of my heart." The comedy is by Rida Johnson Young, and, as are all the productions in which Olcott stars, it is notable for its genuine wholesomeness, and lack of any disagreeably suggestive lines.

Mr. Olcott sings four new Irish songs during the play, which is not without its England vs. Ireland element, with Ireland and the Irish, of course, triumphant over England, and the snobbish members of the nobility which represent it in Macushla.

In the cast supporting Mr. Olcott is John Hamilton, who, in the rôle of an ostler, gives color to a character which might, if enacted by a less clever actor, prove colorless. Allyn Gillyn, the idealized sweetheart of the play, is a piquant type, and must find it rather unsatisfactory and annoying to portray a character so outrageously ill-bred and shrewish as Patricia is supposed to be.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "Honey Girl." Musical comedy in three acts based on Henry Blossom's play, "Checkers." Book by Edward Clark, music by Albert Von Tilzer, Lyrics by Neville Fleeson. Produced on May 3 with this cast:

Judge Martin	Peter Lang
Cynthia	Rene Riano
Honora (Honey) Parker	Edna Bates
Lucy Martin	Louise Meyers
David (Checkers) Graham	Lynne Overman
Orville Bryan	Robert Armstrong
Timothy (Tip) Smiley	George McKay
G. W. Parker	Dodson Mitchell
Sol. Frankenstein	William Mortimer
Carmencita	Sidonie Espero
Jim Hayward	Edmond Elton
Charles Hawkins	Mercer Templeton
Marion Rose	Cissie Sewell
Thomas Lyons	Charlie Yorkshire
Esther Blake	Ottie Ardine
Berylune	Lucretia Craig
Fire	Harriet Gustin
Water	Grace Elliot
Light	Catherine Wilson
Night	Helen Trainer

AFTER all, it seems that the public still enjoys a musical comedy with a plot. The more plays like "Checkers" set to music, the better for theatregoers. "Honey Girl" is a really good entertainment, full of pep, lively music, lively dancing, lively acting, lively horses—in fact, everything is lively and the entire cast is in very competent hands.

(Continued on page 573)

"THE YOUNG VISITERS" ON THE BOARDS

Book by child author, which took the literary world by storm, seen in dramatic form

By JOSEPH ARNOLD

DAISY ASHFORD'S story of the blighted life of Mr. Salteena, the man who was "not quite a gentleman but you would hardly notice but can't be helped anyhow" has now reached its second phase of celebrity, namely, a stage presentation. As a play in "3 idears and 17 scenes" it is now entering upon what promises to be a long and profitable run at the Court Theatre, London.

"The Young Visiters," as almost everybody knows at this late day, is a masterpiece of characterization written by a girl of nine years old, with a piece of lead pencil on a five cent scribbling pad. In quaint form and unique spelling it relates the adventures of one Alfred Salteena whose primary designation has been given in a former paragraph and who in addition was "not quite the right side of the blanket as they say in fact the son of a first rate butcher but his mother was of a decent family." Mr. Salteena is woefully conscious of his shortcomings as a gentleman and begs his more elegant friend Bernard Clark, "a tall man of 29, who was rarther bent in the middle with very nice long legs,"—at whose invitation he and a young lady friend, Ethel Montecue, were visiting at the Clark "sumpshous domain"—to teach him the elements of gentility.

BERNARD observes that the process might take "a good time" and refers him to a London Earl residing in London at the "swell Crystale Pallace." Mr. Salteena thereupon leaves Ethel in charge of Bernard's blushing care and journeys to the Earl of Clincham who goodnaturedly accepts him as a pupil at a fee of forty-two pounds.

After many strange experiences with valets, clothes and foods, Mr. Salteena is introduced by the Earl to "high life" as Lord Hyssops. The occasion is the Prince of Wales' levee, which Procurio, the haughty Groom of the Chambers explains, is "a party given by the Queen or the Prince for very superier peaple." At the levee Mr. Salteena meets the future Edward VII in good fellow-ship and joins him in licking strawberry ices, for the Prince was in "no mood for deep talk." "I have already signed a dozen documents," he says "so I have done my duty."

But though Mr. Salteena is in a fair way of becoming "rubbed up in Socierty ways," and of realising his ambition to "gallop beside the royal barushe" he is suddenly cast into the depths of despondency by learning that Ethel, whom he had intended marrying "some fine day," had yielded to Bernard's "idear" and become engaged to him in a tender woodland scene. This climax occurs after Bernard had invited Ethel to enjoy a week's "gaierty" with him in London and Ethel had been shocked to discover in Lord Hyssops, taking in the high life at the "Crystale Pallace," the lowly Alfred Salteena.

MR. SALTEENA consols himself as best as he may by sending Ethel a bible "with a few pius words of advice and regret" for a wedding gift and later, growing lonely of court life, marries one of the maids-in-waiting at Buckingham Palace by name of Bessie Topp, "a pleasant girl of 18 with a round red face and rarther starry eyes." He had a large family of ten, "five of each," but he was none too happy, as this epilogue shows: "As the years rolled by and his little cottage was very noisy, and his wife was a bit annoying at times especially when he took to dreaming of Ethel and wishing he could have married her. Still he was a pius man and found relief in prayer."

Bernard and Ethel had four boys and three girls and they were very happy for "Bernard loved Ethel to the bitter end."

The Earl fell in love with one of the "noble ladies who haunted 'Crystale Pallace' called Lady Helena Herring, but as she had a savage temper, "he thought he would divorce her but he gave up the idear after several attempts and decided to offer it up as a Mortification."

This is a brief and cold synopsis of "The Young Visiters," a marvellously keen and clever satire on human foibles and as funny as a burlesque on the romantic novel as has ever been written.

In a stage version it was feared that the naivete and the fresh, simple humor of the book would be lost. A dramatization of "The Young Visiters" imposes on the actors the difficulty of presenting solemnly and seriously, extraordinary odd characters created by a child in all earnestness. The balance of burlesque must be judged to a nicety; else the piece degenerates into humorless slapstick or monotonous, tiry carricature.

The producers of "The Young Visiters" in London avoided these pitfalls. In the dramatization, skillfully done by George Norman and Margaret Mackenzie, practically no new lines are used; the original dialogue, with the addition of descriptive passages converted into lines, is distributed among the characters. Thus the adult workmanship passes unnoticed and the original spirit of the book is preserved.

Occasional changes in the text are of course unavoidable. For example in the book the appearance of Mr. Salteena and Ethel at the Bernard Clark mansion is described as follows: "The doors swung open as if by majic causing Ethel to jump and a portly butler appeared on the scene with a very shiny shirt front and a huge pale face." In the stage version Ethel says: "O look at his pale face,." and Mr. Salteena adds: "And his shiny shirt front."

ON the other hand there are parts which are more effectively brought out on the stage than in the book. After the first dinner that Ethel and Mr. Salteena enjoy with Bernard it is related that "Ethel played some merry tunes on the piano and Bernard responded with a rarther loud song in a base voice and Ethel clapped him a good deal. Then Mr. Salteena asked a few riddles as he was not musicle." In the London production, Ethel, played by the noted English actress, Edyth Goodal, and Bernard, played by Harold Anstruther, give a stolid performance of Schumann's ditty, "The Happy Farmer." Those who have

(*Concluded on page* 574)

From the Illustrated London News

A repast at Bernard Clark's: Mr. Salteena (Ben Field), Bernard (H. Anstruther), Ethel (Edyth Goodal)

Playing "Daisy Ashford" in the London stage version of "The Young Visiters," Miss Audrey Cameron

In the "privite compartments" at the Crystal Palace: Mr. Salteena's "early beverage"

Photocraft

Madeline Delmar as the pathetic little Chinese princess, Tea Flower, who marries into a New Jersey family, and as Mrs. Rodney Sturgis encounters all kinds of difficulties—a scene in "His Chinese Wife," at the Belmont

White

Lola Fisher, as Nora, the Irish nurse, in the new spiritualistic play, "All Souls' Eve," by Anne Crawford Flexner, at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

SCENES IN RIALTO OFFERINGS

IS THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE A FAILURE?

Northampton experiment discontinued, but what it accomplished proved it was worth while

By MARY BREWSTER

THERE was great disappointment and surprise among theatrelovers everywhere when it became known recently that the widely heralded Northampton experiment had been, at least temporarily, discontinued. Of course, you know what the Northampton experiment represented—an attempt to produce in this country, with civic aid, the best available plays of the kind most beneficial to the community. In other words, the long awaited Municipal Theatre.

The genuine Municipal Theatre—a proved art institution of professional standing abroad—is "experimental" only in its introduction to American life. It is supported by the municipality that it may uphold higher drama, whether this prove financially profitable or not. The value expected is the development of the mental appreciations, broader sympathies and enlightened ideals which produce a better type of citizenship. But the Northampton Theatre—as a creative force in the community—was officially discontinued at the period of its greatest achievement because it brought a deficit to the city which, during more prosperous periods, had enjoyed profits from it.

While its values are great, vital and beyond serious question, the Municipal theatre idea is a daring departure from American traditions of theatre support and in Northampton there always have been residents who opposed this theatre.

In 1892, it was accepted by the city with the condition that it be used only for attractions of the better sort; for no political gatherings; and that its debts be assumed as well as its profits. The donor was the late Edward H. R. Lyman, a merchant of Brooklyn and Northampton. His son and daughter encouraged the original policy, but in 1912 the change was made from booked attractions only, to a resident company playing regularly throughout the season, except on evenings when desirable visiting attractions could be secured.

THERE were many and varying ideas and hopes for what this special company, in the only first-class and well-equipped theatre owned by a city in the entire United States, was to express. And these were by no means confined to Northampton. Theatre theorists and theatre enthusiasts the country over; theatre managers in New York and other large producing centers; British and foreign players visiting this country; better drama organizations scattered throughout the United States; and searchers for the solution of the problem of more worthwhile entertainment for the small cities off the routes of first-class traveling attractions—all had their expectations from this venture at Northampton, the real conditions of which were never clearly understood; and hence the subject of occasional unjust criticism, as well as of general envy and some attempted emulation.

BUT whatever was expected, it was pretty well demonstrated during the first few seasons, that the prevailing desire among actual attendants at this theatre was not for the more advanced and ambitious expression that a standard theatre represents, but for the average popular attractions of the moment. Even for these the city was small, and any conflicting condition quickly registered itself threateningly upon theatre business. Several times there seemed danger of abandonment, but each time—through strenuous effort of the comparatively few to whom the theatre, in its real significance, meant much local pride, the ideal was kept alive. This, because of the conviction that success of this demonstration at Northampton would have an important bearing, eventually, upon improved theatre conditions generally.

WHERE THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE IS NOT A FAILURE

The Gorodsky or City Theatre, at Omsk, Siberia. This fine playhouse is owned and managed by the city. Every large town in Siberia has one. Which goes to show that America, with all her boasted high civilization, in some respects lags behind comparatively unpopulated Siberia

WHILE genuine progress was slow, the theatre yearly was raising the standard of its product. The Northampton theatre continued during the difficult and upsetting years of war, a critical period when practically all other attempts at a distinctive theatre went under. During its last two seasons—during which Melville Burke, a young director from St. Louis, took charge—its artistic advance and its real coherence of purpose made a big stride toward what a theatre of this sort really stands for.

In the late spring of 1919—when plans for a still more valuable season ahead were well in progress—a deficit of $6,000 (that previously had accumulated, largely during the abnormally difficult year, 1918, which included hampering war restrictions and a six weeks' close enforced by the city during the influenza epidemic) was recommended to be paid when it was presented to the city government. This aroused those not in sympathy with the theatre purpose to an action that, after prolonged and intense controversy between theatre supporters and theatre enemies, resulted in the city's withdrawal of its recommendation to pay unless the resident company be discontinued and the theatre property put to more materially profitable use; and generally accede to other requisites of a more "popular" régime.

Supporters of the resident company and business men alive to its industrial advantages, at once pledged an advance sum sufficient to protect the city against possible financial loss another season, but this offer—with all other efforts at retention—was futile against the peculiar conditions by which the city, officially, and a board of five trustees (including the mayor of the city and the president of Smith College), control the theatre.

These two ruling forces substituted for the real Municipal Theatre principle that of the "People's" Theatre in its more destructive sense—that of popular control of an art that, rightly, is as entitled to a trained, selective and proved direction as are the arts of music, literature and painting when inspirational representations of these are provided by a city for the more liberal life of its citizens. The view that, if a standard theatre is not acceptable to all, it must be popularized until it provides pastime—rather than more intelligent stimulation—has reversed Northampton's position from one of the most dramatically favored, and dramatically distinguished, cities in the country to one that is dramatically barren for all but those who prefer "photo plays" and such road attractions as a small city can now secure.

AS long as the Northampton players were in operation, inquiries came from cities in every part of the country with reference to the establishment of similar theatres—a tendency likely to largely increase. Northampton still offers them illuminating study in what to attempt and what to avoid. After a less determinate and necessarily experimental period of finding itself, this Municipal company never had been so near triumph as when arrested by the political obstruction and popular confusion that other cities desiring the benefits—and not the wastage—of this vivid experience should avoid. (*Concluded on page* 570)

Campbell

(Below)

ESTHER HOWARD

Chic and Frenchy is this clever young comedienne. Discovered in a stock company in the Middle West, she was given an opportunity to appear in "The Sweetheart Shop," the musical comedy at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago, and ran off with considerable honors

© Moffett

(Above)

FAY MARBE

Well known in musical comedy, this attractive, vivacious and talented player has been engaged to create an important rôle in "Ladies' Night," a new farce by Avery Hopwood and Charlton Andrews, to be presented shortly in New York. Theatregoers will remember her sparkling performance in the title rôle of "The Velvet Lady"

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE NEW PRODUCTIONS

THE STAGE DOOR JOHNNIE

Times have changed and different strategy is now used to woo the footlight favorite

By HELEN TEN BROECK

FUNERAL wreaths and cypress boughs for the Stage Door Johnnie.

He is extinct.

He has vanished.

He is gone from his throne in the affections of the beautiful stage lady and his sceptre waves no more forever. Or: Make room for the Stage Door Johnnie.

He is the conquering hero of the theatre and this is his year.

It is open season for his kind, and his voice is heard in the aisles of Broadway every midnight.

A tour of the fashionable theatres develops a singular fact concerning that pulchritudinous, bountiful creature known as the Stage Door Johnnie. At some theatres you will learn that the species is quite dead and extinct, and at others you will hear that this is the record year for an enormous crop of Johnnies. And both statements are quite true. At the Empire, where Ethel Barrymore once queened it over the gilded youth and was acknowledged toast of the *jeunesse dorée,* not so much as a fleeting, faint shadow of the Stage Door Johnnie is visible these nights, and the silences of Fortieth street are unbroken by the foot fall of the young chap about town who once strode with fevered impatience to and fro before the stage door from which the divine Ethel was presently to emerge. And so according to Miss Barrymore and her manager, the Stage Door Johnnie is like the roc or the fabled dodo—a bird that is quite extinct. At the theatre where Elsie Ferguson, whose shapely shoulders and pouting lips were the toast of the town some years ago, when Miss Ferguson was a much admired chorus beauty, the same opinion prevails.

STAGE Door Johnnie?" I haven't seen one in years and years and years," declares the heroine of "Sacred and Profane Love." "He used to be forever littering up the alleys that led to the stage entrance, in the old days, but now—well really, now, as the old farmer declared about the giraffe, 'There ain't no sich animal!' "

A very lovely woman with the clearest of brown eyes, the softest of dusky hair, the smoothest magnolia leaf complexion, paused a moment to smile at the overall parade in which New York recently marched its protest against the high cost of living.

It was Fay Templeton, who once reigned in undisputed sway over hordes of Stage Door Johnnies. She was acknowledged queen of the theatre in the days when Freddie Gebhardt, Howell Osborne, Emmett Driscol, Berry Wall and half a hundred other scions of New York's social four hundred sent flowers and gifts of value to such beauties as Miss Templeton, Lillian Russell, Vernona Jarbeau, Pauline Hall, Nina Farrington, Cora Tanner, Lilla Vane and Louise Montagu—stage belles of a forgotten vintage.

"Oh, dear no," sighed Miss Templeton—now the happy wife of a Pittsburgh plutocrat, "Oh, dear me, no. The Stage Door Johnnie doesn't exist any more." And then the sense of humor which made Miss Templeton the most bubbling comedienne of her time, asserted itself. "Really, I don't know whether he exists or not. I haven't seen a stage door in so long that I'm afraid I wouldn't recognize one if I walked right through it, and of course—," did the handsome comedienne sigh, or was it the April wind? "I live far from the haunts and habitat of the Johnnie these days. I suppose that as long as pretty girls blossom in the theatre, young men will haunt the stage door. Johnnie, like beauty's very elf, is immortal!"

IF there breathes one human being who is qualified to write books about the gilded youth who worships at the shrine of the drama from the stage door, that gifted individual is doubtless Florenz Ziegfeld who annually corners the beauty market for the chorus of the "Follies" and the "Frolics," which make so broad an appeal to the "tired business man." Every now and again there creeps into print a thrilling story about mysterious strings of pearls, or similar gifts of great price bestowed upon some amazed and mystified chorus beauty as a token of admiration from an unknown stage door admirer. Without doubt, Mr. Ziegfeld is qualified to speak as one having authority about Mr. Johnnie. Let's ask him.

A smile that is like that of the cat who has swallowed the canary lights up Mr. Ziegfeld's features at the question.

"He exists, yes," he replies with utter complacency, "but he has changed his base of operations. Oh, yes, he's here very pervasively and prevalently. He showers the stage beauty with gifts with all his old time enthusiasm. But he is no longer a Stage Door Johnnie. He is a stage box chappie these days. Managers have caught him and tamed him. He no longer haunts the alleyways alongside the theatre. He pays five dollars a seat, plus war tax, and patronizes the drama from the front door rather than from the stage entrance."

The S. S. *Lapland* was tugging at her hawsers and David Belasco, who has impaled the chorus butterfly against the back drop of "The Gold Diggers," was taking a farewell glance at New York when I asked him what he knew about the Stage Door Johnnie.

"He's a nice boy, really," said Mr. Belasco, "but except in those cases where he takes himself and his attentions too seriously, is no more important a thing in the life of a pretty actress than her 'make-up' box or her pet Pekingese. Once, or twice, in a while he is personal and individual—and even matrimonial in his attentions, but usually it is the stage beauty rather than the girl, herself, who attracts him, and I have not found him, so far as I have observed, a dangerous person at all."

At the Cohan and Harris theatre where "Honey Girl" is attracting attention by its beauty chorus, Sam Harris and his stage director, Mr. Forrest, were discussing the stage divinity and her adorers. "The Johnnie is not extinct," said Mr. Forrest, sagely, "but he has changed his method. He no longer haunts the stage entrance, he simply sends his motor car up the alley to carry the pretty object of his admiration to supper. Maybe he gives her his auto—but maybe not."

OH, my dear," cried the very prettiest girl in the notably beauteous ensemble of the John Murray Anderson Revusical Comedy, "What's In A Name," "The Stage Door Johnnie is too venerable for anything but remote respect. He is a survival of the Laurentian period. He is an old, old man with whiskers, and he talks in a piteous whistle. He is not a menace, he is a relic. I met him once. He told me how he used to send flowers and candy to Lillian Russell. Candy! Only fancy candy! So old-fashioned and fattening. We girls would die of shame to be seen abroad with a Stage Door Candy-giving Johnnie. The species has been out of date for years."

Elsie Janis has a different theory. Miss Janis is "up" in psychoanalysis and she has a ouija board of uncanny intelligence. From these sources of inspired information, she gathers that everybody likes stage beauties. Indeed, ouija believes that there's something wrong with any healthy boy who doesn't like the pretty girls of the theatre, but she is quite certain that the worth while Johnnie did his bit in the trenches and that the present season finds him too seriously concerned with the big problems that face his world to flock with any great unanimousness to the stage door.

The same view is held by Geraldine Farrar and John Murray Anderson, both of whom ought really to be held as high authority. And so, as I said before, the Stage Door Johnnie is extinct, or he isn't. You take your choice of either opinion.

From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

ZEENA KEEFE

Prominent on the Selznick roster of stars is this pretty player whose clever emotional work has made her a favorite with film fans

WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

WITH the entire nation taking economy up in a serious way and with thrift posters screaming from all the billboards, it, nevertheless, is an amazing fact that never have the films been more lavish in their message of extravagance than throughout the past month. Perhaps the producers felt that the audience needed an antidote to the overall, denim and tent-house movement, which has been constantly before their eyes in scare-heads and parades. Or perhaps it is the natural reaction toward gayety and color after the monotone of the war-film. At any rate, the favorite plot of the month has been the story of the wife who loses her husband because she wears flannel nightgowns and curl-papers, and wins him back by a judicious use of beauty-patches and marcel waves.

OF all these sprightly plots with fashion playing the god in the machine, the most elaborate and opulent is Cecil DeMille's lavish warning which he called "Why Change Your Wife?" and which served to open the new movie regime in the Criterion Theatre, hitherto devoted to legitimate productions. It justified Hugo Riesenfeld's policy of a continuous run by collecting crowds for a month on Broadway.

"Why Change Your Wife" is a hilarious mixture of lingerie and jazz, with a marital moral which occurs somewhat as an after-thought. It has all the characters that are necessary to a triangle in modern metropolitan life; the devoted mouse of a wife, the half-bored, half-adventurous husband, and the merry little vampire who appears just as life seems at its lowest ebb of monotony. Of course, the solution is the happy one found almost always on the screen, but the couple reach understanding only through a turbulent sequence of misunderstandings. The final message seems to be that if you want your wife to love you, you must marry some one else.

AS the tired business husband, Thomas Meighan has the best rôle of his screen career. He is the type of spouse who goes through life murmuring plaintively, "Of course, I love you, dear, but can't you see I'm shaving?" Gloria Swanson was thoroughly convincing as the demure wife in the first stage of her domestic career, but she grew incredibly bizarre when her marital evolution led her into the French costume shops. Bebe Daniels, as usual, was at her best as the merry little temptress who alienates the husband, marries him, but then is unable to hold him against the more stable charms of his first wife.

It is a play about clothes primarily, but this refers to quality and costliness, rather than to quantity. For never has there been more lingerie displayed on the stage or screen since the *intime* scenes featured in "Up In Mabel's Room."

ANOTHER film in which clothes play an important part has been developed from the Brady version of "Sinners." This stage success, which presents the desirability of gingham over a contented heart as compared to bitter thoughts under chiffons, has been made into a truly rural screen play by Realart. As in the stage version, Alice Brady plays the rôle of the country maiden. She is lured to the city by poverty at home; she falls into the hands of unscrupulous city folk, and she extricates herself by the simple method of bringing her home folks and her city friends together. The influence is retro-active, for the narrow group in the village learn that all life cannot be covered by their limited standards, and the city crowd find that the world is not bounded by Forty-second and Broadway.

Some of the typical Brady humor has been caught by the sub-titles and the background of green fields and apple-blossoms adds to the refreshing charm of the theme.

ANOTHER "B'gosh" film, gathered from a far earlier source, is the Metro screen version of "Shore Acres." This rural melodrama, which is steeped in memories of James A. Herne, has now the peculiar advantage of the natural setting which only the moving pictures could give it. The old drama is played against a background of real waves, real storms and an undisputedly genuine lighthouse, whose gleams send a symbolic light through the entire production. As for the story, it has held to the original with the ingenue in denim, the noble, homespun hero, and the incredibly patient villain, who is foiled and foiled and foiled.

Alice Lake gave the character of the sweet young thing the docility and helplessness which has been expected from her since its first production. Of course, the performance suffered from the absence of James A. Herne, whose name has been inevitably associated with the cast.

THE second big picture of waves and wind was made by George Melford from Jack London's tale, "The Sea Wolf." It has all the fights, all the dangers and all the bravery celebrated by that novel, and in addition a romantic strain not featured in the book. This gives Mabel Julienne Scott a chance to put on several sentimental scenes with Tom Forman while they are tossing in mid-ocean on the sailing vessel, where they had been shanghaied.

Jack London fans may resent this intrusion of the softer side of life, but it of course adds necessary situations to the movie plot. Noah Beery plays the rôle of the savage, relentless "Wolf Larsen," whose brutalities end in a watery grave. The film is chiefly remarkable for its photography and composition, which give a series of scenes that George Bellows might have originated.

CLOSELY allied to a Jack London novel are the equally virile plots of Rex Beach. Goldwyn has taken "The Silver Horde," one of the most vigorous of his out-of-door melodramas, and made of it a photoplay that is shimmering with the cold blues of Alaskan snows and moonlight. As Rex Beach readers will remember, the story deals with a deadlock in the fish industry and has thousands of salmon in the title-rôle. It presents the weakling from the city who grows brave in "God's country," his languid and expensive fiancée and a woman of the mining-camps, whose efforts to lead a better life end in the permanent capture of the hero. Their battle is fought against a background of industrial strife through which the wicked father tries to corner the salmon market, and those wise fish foil him and assist the villain by swimming neatly into the latter's nets.

UNITED ARTISTS brought out a film this month which attracted attention as much through its associations with the drama as for its individual merits. This was a screen version of Edward Sheldon's "Romance," with Doris Keane in her old rôle of the captivating and capricious prima-donna. One reason for this film's prominence was the play itself, which has become endeared to theatre-lovers on both sides of the water. The other was the first appearance of Doris Keane as a screen star. An excellent cast, including Norman Trevor and Basil Sydney treads the boards in the picturesque garb of the 1860's.

IN violent contrast to this story of memories done up in lavender, came H. H. Van Loan's dashing tale of Constantinople, which he called "The Virgin of Stamboul." This abounds in bloodthirsty shieks, in stallions shod with fire, in dauntless young American heroes and the beautiful but ingenious virgins, who spend their time outwitting the terrible Turk. The most beautiful and most active virgin was played by Priscilla Dean, whose dark eyes gleamed most becomingly above the veil of the East.

All this sort of thing has been done before, but seldom with the dash and swing that is given it by this Universal picture. Of course, the climax comes when thousands of Arab steeds (presumably shod with fire) fly across the desert sands to rescue the American hero, the Stamboul virgin, and bring the film to a happy ending.

ALISON SMITH.

Clarence S. Bell

(Right)

A strikingly artistic scene from Goldwyn's production of Basil King's Eminent Authors' picture "Earth Bound"

(Below)

The Cosmopolitan production "Humoresque," a Paramount Artcraft picture by Fannie Hurst. The story of the Kantors, a poor Jewish family living on the lower East Side of New York City, it is full of amusing characterizations, touching situations and tender emotions. A picture that will appeal to the heart as well as to the eye!

STRIKING SCENES FROM SHADOWLAND

Muriella

Hazel Hudson, a recruit from musical comedy who plays the lead in "The Isle of Destiny"

Muriella

Louise Prussing, whose beauty has served her well in support of Eugene O'Brien in the films

Josephine Hill, a favorite in Universal pictures

Katherine McGuire, a pretty girl in the Mack Sennett Comedies, a Sennett-Abbe release through Paramount

"She Made Him Behave" is the sprightly title of the latest Dorothy Gish picture—a Paramount Artcraft release. The versatile little comedienne is seen in the center of the above scene

Abbe

OLIVE THOMAS

Who is no longer merely a Ziegfeld beauty but a full-fledged and popular screen star. She will be seen next as "The Flapper" in a picture of that name produced by Selznick

NOTED STARS IN NEW FILMS

Scene in the tomb of Rameses, in the Hasty Pudding Club's production of "Barnum Was Right," designed and executed by Messrs. Frost and Ely

Harvard students in "Barnum Was Right," the musical comedy by R. E. Sherwood and S. P. Sears, which the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard presented this Spring

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

THE HARVARD HASTY PUDDING CLUB

IN the year 1795, when the United States may be said to have been in its infancy, a group of undergraduates got together and decided that college life was much too drab and sordid an affair. Their young hearts craved excitement, and, as they were in the habit of securing whatever their young hearts desired, they came to the conclusion that they would find excitement, even if they had to invent it themselves.

Their inventions took the form of a club, organized for the purpose of providing entertainment for the amusement of the members, and, incidentally, for the amusement of any other students who cared to hand over the price of admission.

At the meetings of this club, refreshments were served, which included rum toddy and a dish entitled "hasty pudding"—a popular form of dessert at that time. When it became necessary to christen the organization, there was a heavy majority in favor of calling it the "Rum Toddy Club," but the cooler heads among the members prevailed, and the club was named after the more solid and less alcoholic feature of the refreshments.

Since 1795, when this (*Continued on page 562*)

© T. Kajiwara

In this production of Lord Dunsany's "Tents of the Arabs," by the St. Louis Artists' Guild, the rear of the stage was lighted much more brilliantly than the front

LIGHTING THE AMATEUR PRODUCTION

By CLARENCE STRATTON

IF a person has his own theatre fully equipped, he is able to make any experiments he pleases to secure novel effects of lighting, costuming, setting, always provided, of course, that he has enough money to pay for all his failures, and enough time to experiment until he gets exactly what he wants. When we read the accounts by Mr. Belasco we are envious of the chance to try for weeks the working-out of the best plan for showing the floating souls in the last act of "The Darling of the Gods." We marvel at the amount of capital which permitted discarding all the painted canvas which had been installed at first for this scene, and the substitution of white hangings tinted by colored lights. What amateur organization can afford to do such things?

The amateur producer is always at a disadvantage of time, equipment, and money in such matters. Working upon a small stage, in cramped spaces, with few lighting facilities, for an audience disposed to be over-critical; rehearsing at odd times, persons otherwise regularly employed, for a few performances at most, is there any wonder that his effects are so far below his ideals? Should we not be amazed that his results are as telling as they are?

With all the odds against him, the amateur producer has made the most notable advances in aims and methods, and produced the most arresting novelties in such matters as lighting.

IT is axiomatic that no stage upon which amateur productions are offered is adequately equipped. If there are dimmers, there are usually not enough for all circuits. If there are enough, they are likely to be the old-fashioned circular kind with few points of contact so that the lights jump up and down instead of increasing and diminishing evenly. An experimental electrician may even be forced to construct his own dimming apparatus of earthenware crocks containing a salt solution into which he lowers one end of the wire to carry the full current when it touches the other at the bottom of the liquid. But light from such dimmers is uncertain in intensity; the battery of jars is cumbersome; the operator is likely to be unreliable unless he is rehearsed as often as the performers.

At times, very rare times, the opposite of the foregoing is true. The lighting equipment of a small theatre may be quite complete—but so complicated that only one or two persons ever master its intricacies sufficiently to use it satisfactorily.

When amateurs can discuss nothing else about their productions they can always raise the question, "foots or no foots?"

FOR plays of particular types, footlights are necessary. With them there must be sidelights or strips, and border lights above. This does not mean that the entire stage will be lighted equally from all points, for by varying the intensity, effects of naturalness may be reproduced. One lighting expert has made the keen suggestion that this same natural appearance of the persons on stage may be heightened by placing at one side an amber light and at the other side a blue one. Such an arrangement will cast slight shadows upon one side of the face exactly as in actual life. In any room the light strikes the face from definite sources. Outdoors all lighting comes from parallel sun rays. If on the stage these shadows are not too pronounced the realistic aspect of the acting will be enhanced.

IN modern plays all kinds of devices are employed to throw into relief the facial expression. Many persons in the audience never know of their presence in the scene. Two men in a drama of contemporaneous life had an important scene as they stood on opposite sides of a table above which hung a dome light. It was discovered that while this single lighting unit gave exactly the concentrated effect desired in the otherwise dark room, it did not bring out clearly to people sitting in the auditorium the tense faces of the two men. An electric bulb was concealed in a white pasteboard box behind a rack of books on the table to throw a light up to the men's faces. A similar device is the placing of a light in the footboard of a bed to shine upon the heroine's face as she sits up

(*Continued on page* 557)

THE MASK AND WIG CLUB PRESENTS "DON QUIXOTE, ESQ."

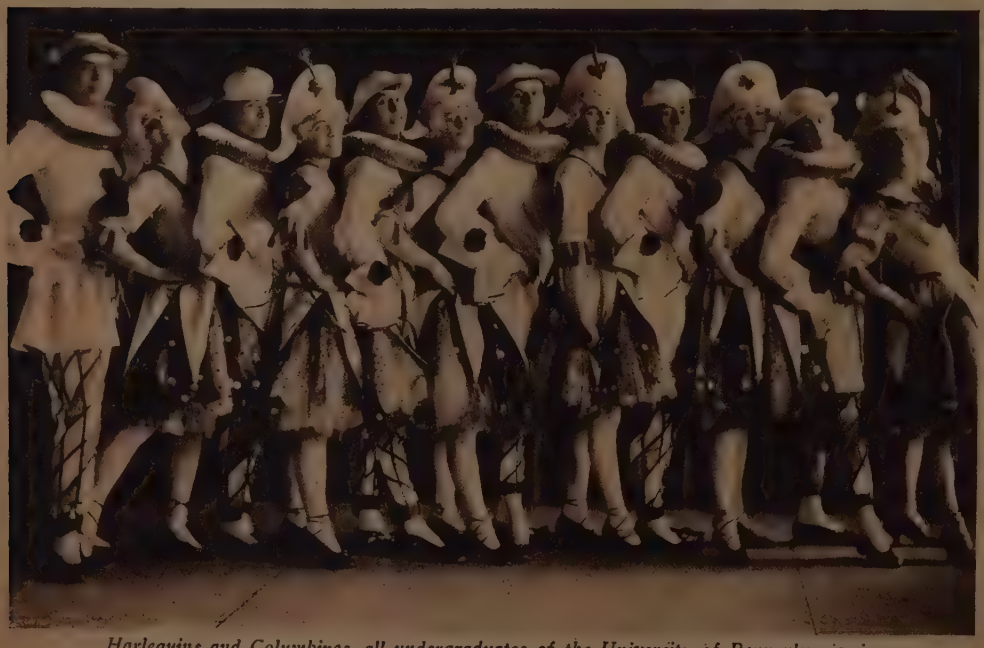
EACH year during Easter week the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania present a Musical Extravaganza at the "Forrest Theatre," Philadelphia.

The participants in this year's production were all undergraduates of the University, and the book, lyrics, music, costumes, and scenery, as well as the coaching, were the work of club members, all amateurs, and whose call in life is far distant from the theatrical profession. Still, these amateurs are able to produce each year a theatrical entertainment of high quality.

A group of "Senoritas" and Toreadors in "Don Quixote, Esq.," produced by the Mask and Wig Club

R. F. McNurtrie as Don Quixote, F. H. Ledyard as Sancho Panza, and the mettlesome steed, Rosinante, with W. R. Clarke, Jr., and H. S. Barshinger, fore and aft

J. H. Hoff, a truly Spanish Dulcinea, and F. E. Voorman, a dashing Manrico, in the Mask and Wig play



Harlequins and Columbines, all undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania, in a clever dancing number. The Mask and Wig boys are famed for their dancing specialties

This season, the thirty-second annual production of the celebrated Club presented "Don Quixote, Esq.," a sleepless knight, a clever travesty on Cervante's popular hero. The book was written by C. S. Morgan, E. M. Lavino and J. H. Hoff, based on Mr. Morgan's scenario.

Charles Gilpin is responsible for unusually catchy music, while E. M. Lavino designed and supervised the costuming.

"Don Quixote, Esq.," had a well-told story of the adventures of the romantic knight of Cervantes' creation. Two beautiful settings and a great variety of bright and attractive costumes gave color to the production, and there were picturesque characters of a variety of types.

And the girls—they were the most fetching that the Mask and Wig has yet put forward, not forgetting H. L. Curtis and D. P. Kingston, seen as daughters of the Governor of Barataria.

The Indian group of Kip's Bay Pageant, given under the auspices of Kip's Bay Neighborhood Association and New York Community Service

DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES FOSTERED BY COMMUNITY SERVICE

By ETHEL ARMES

PRACTICALLY every well organized camp and out-of-door vacation school in the United States is planning a series of plays and pageants as a permanent feature of the summer activities.

At the April conference of the Camp Leaders of America held at Teacher's College, New York City, Elizabeth B. Grimball of the Community Service Bureau of Pageantry and Dramatics, gave a practical talk on Camp Dramatics. This included working plans, suggestions and descriptions for the staging of out-of-door plays and pageants, with especial reference to the Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebrations.

Miss Grimball served under the American Expeditionary Force in France with the Y. M. C. A. Overseas Entertainment Bureau, where as production manager of one of Joseph Lindon Smith's pageants and assistant stage director of "The Golden Players of St. Aignon," she had first hand experience with camp dramatics. For the past fifteen years, Miss Grimball has made a special study of educational dramatics and the producing and practical staging of plays. She is the author of a number of short plays and pageants produced under her direction in the eastern and southern states, and is now associated on the staff of Community Service (Incorporated) with Mrs. Eva Willing White in the presentation throughout various American cities of the technical side of producing drama and pageantry. Miss Grimball is an enthusiastic member of the New York Drama League.

DRAMATIC activities in Chicago and its suburbs are interesting people this season as never before. Pilgrim plays and celebrations, one-act plays, morality plays, opera, oratorio, pageants, tableaux, pantomime, even a society chorus were among the community entertainments produced during April and May, or now in rehearsal for the summer months at the Community House and in many sections of the city and its environs.

The special programs in connection with the Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebration, arranged by Dorothy Meadows, director of Dramatics, Girls' Work Division, Community Service, comprised the production of the plays: "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by Presby, which introduced the Tercentenary program; "Standish of Standish," by Annie Russel Marble; the reading of "Betty Alden," the "Landing of the Pilgrims," and an arrangement of Lowell's Ode; tableaux representing famous Pilgrim pictures in the Portage Park School, while a great Pilgrim pageant is in preparation. Among other plays were: "Beyond the Gate"—a morality play by Irene Jean Crandall; "A Twig o' Thorn," by Marie Josephine Warren; "The Burglar" and "Kleptomaniac," by Margaret Cameron; "Taming of the Shrew"; "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," and "The Princess Pomona," by Constance Mackay.

The pageant contemplated for June is "The Pilgrims," by Constance d'Arcy Mackay. This is planned to draw together practically all of the dramatic organizations of Chicago, both amateur and professional. An expert dramatic organizer volunteering his help to Miss Meadows and her assistant, Miss Marie A. Burgette, is Mr. Solomon Bruce.

Elizabeth B. Grimball of Community Service Bureau of Pageantry and Dramatics, an expert in educational dramatics and the producing and staging of plays

Weekly classes in dramatics are conducted at the Community House just as they have been for years past at the various settlement houses. The extraordinary present-day popularity and success in community drama in Chicago is to be ascribed in large part to the artistic and discriminating dramatic work initiated many years ago in different neighborhoods under the auspices of the Chicago social settlements, schools and churches. The Little Theatre of Hull House, for instance, set a standard for community drama over twenty years ago, was a sort of bell-wether for Little Theatres of today.

AN outdoor production of Robin Hood was given at Bellevil'e, Ill., in the late spring by H. L. Murrison, Community Singing Organizer. At Quincy, Ill., an oratorio in which 500 people took part, was given in Washington Park, Easter morning, assisted by the Illinois State band.

A PLAN for strolling players this summer is arousing the enthusiastic interest of several community drama clubs in a chain of Long Island, N. Y., towns: Hewlett, Hempstead, Cedarhurst, Freeport, Manhasset, Port Washington, Floral Park, Westbury and Roslyn. The idea is to select the few star players from each of the various dramatic clubs which have been presenting plays all the winter and spring and send this "all star cast" with costumes and stage properties to tour Long Island in a motor truck and by means of a group of one-act plays, introduce community drama to every little village and town by the way which is asking for a "show." Music is never separated from dramatics in this attractive project of the strolling players. Included in (*Continued on page* 562)

THE AMATEUR ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

WHAT does the future hold for the theatre? Where will the dramatic art be in twenty-five years? In these days when sensual farce and lascivious musical comedies keep steadily crowding the legitimate drama from the boards, every sincere student and lover of the dramatic art is anxiously asking himself these questions.

Seen from the viewpoint of those who believe that the drama has a serious life-interpretive function, the downward tendency of the theatre is not to be denied. Arthur Hornblow recently expressed his indignation at this perversion in our artistic life in this uncompromising way:

"We are living in a decadent age . . . one fact stands out very clearly—that is, the dearth of really worth-while plays. There is a vast, ceaseless output . . of theatrical offal, offensive to the nostrils, that nowadays literally swamps our stage and makes theatregoing not the delightful and enjoyable intellectual recreation it used to be and should be, but —well, just the other thing. The average theatregoer of today—the theatregoer who prefers suggestive musical comedy and lingerie farce—is little better than the cave-man . . . . The obvious remedy is to educate the theatre audience to appreciate a higher type of play."

WHERE will come relief and re-direction from this deplorable situation? All over the nation young men and women—amateurs and students, to be sure, but true lovers of the art of the stage —are voicing a vigorous protest against those who have driven art from the theatre for the sake of gold. They have accepted the challenge of the commercialists. They are saying, with the confidence of youth: "Our hands and brains, our pens and talents will bring the stage back to its rightful heritage."

It is as a humble member of that determined group of amateurs that the writer presumes to speak. He believes his experience is fairly typical of the rising conviction, especially among collegians, that "the future of the theatre and the drama in America today is in the hands of the amateurs."

Here at DePauw University, there is an organization called the Duzer Du Dramatic Society, which furnishes a good example of this aroused determination on the part of amateurs to strive to rehabilitate the stage, fast becoming artistically discredited.

For years the organization had to encounter the opposition or apathy of those tradition-bound individuals who revere the drama when between the covers of books, but shudder at the thought of presenting it as it was originally intended to be conveyed. Then came the slow struggle to obtain a stage, where it was at all possible to present plays. Energy and persistence finally won to the extent of obtaining a small auditorium, fitted with a crude, improvised, and shallow stage. Here such classics as Kennedy's "Servant in the House," and Shaw's "Candida" were beginning to be produced by the group.

A glimpse of the possibilities which adequate facilities would mean to the amateur lovers and defenders of the faith dramatic, gave birth to the idea of a campaign to give to the college, "a theatre worthy of DePauw." At a banquet, to which all the important administrative officials had been invited, announcement was made of the plan of Duzer Du to agitate the necessity of erection on the campus of a theatre adequate to the college's needs, and commensurate with the benefits to be derived from such an institution. Emphasis was placed on Duzer Du's earnest determination to keep this idea incessantly before the eyes of DePauw's students, administration, and friends, until the funds were raised, the theatre built, and the full potentialities of amateur theatricals on the campus realized.

IN February, 1919, this organization, disregarding the cautions of those who constantly warn youth against attempting the impossible, announced its purpose of presenting to its campus audience, John Galsworthy's tragedy, "The Mob." Late in March the play was staged, with phenomenal success. Upon the invitation of the society, Mr. W. O. Bates, a pioneer in the Little Theatre movement, and director of the Little Theatre of Indianapolis, witnessed the presentation. If we hold in mind Mr. Hornblow's words: "The obvious remedy is to educate theatre audiences to appreciate a higher type of play"—Mr. Bates' criticism has more than local or passing significance. He wrote:

"The cheerful optimism of youth has seldom been more courageously put into evidence than by the way the young people of the Duzer Du Dramatic Club of DePauw University tackled the problem of inducing the alumni and friends of that institution to build them a model little theatre, by producing Galsworthy's grim and searching four-act tragedy, "The Mob." The pronounced success attending this ambitious undertaking should not be without its message for the exponent of the 'Charley's Aunt' style of college dramatics . . . Galsworthy's own courage in giving his countrymen this sharp home thrust found parallel in the selection of tragedy of such relentless logic, unshaded by anything suggesting 'comic relief' for the entertainment of even a college audience. That it was followed with tense attention and punctuated with applause by two large gatherings would seem to indicate that serious drama still has its appeal for cultured people when presented with the earnestness and sincerity these young people put into it."

Frank Roberts, Jr., as Colonel Grey, Miss Margaret Spaulding as Amy, and Miss Gladys Geyer as Alice, in "Alice Sit By the Fire," as recently presented by the Duzer Du Dramatic Society of DePauw University

Hand in hand with this effort to educate our audience to "appreciate a higher type of play" and the fight for a playhouse adequate to our needs, came the bringing to the college classroom of men and women who represent accomplishment and achievement. As an inducement to effort along creative lines, Duzer Du sent out a call for original one-act plays. Within six weeks, two such plays, written, coached, and directed entirely by undergraduates, were presented. In fulfillment of the second part of this plan set forth above, the society was able to bring to the campus two young women, former members of the Chicago Little Theatre Company. In true pioneer spirit, they presented a typical Little Theatre play, "The Flickering Flame." They talked to numerous groups of interested students, bringing to their eager ears the latest developments in the non-commercialized field of the dramatic art.

DUZER DU plans to follow the well-known precept of General Grant and "fight it out on this line" if it takes five decades to do it. Every member of the group is imbued with the conviction that upon his individual efforts depends in part the fate of the proposed new theatre, dramatics in general at DePauw, and the success of the amateur movement in the country. Such devotion to a cause cannot but be productive of results.

In an article which he called "The Challenge of the Theatre today to the Universities and Colleges," Professor Frederick A. Koch gave expression to certain ideas which are being lived out by the earnest amateurs of today. Professor Koch wrote:

"The future of the theatre and the drama in America today is in the hands of the amateurs—*again,* in the hands of the amateurs! For we recall that our great expresser in dramatic poetry was himself the product of the amateur spirit, the fulfillment after two hundred years of experiment by the people in making folk plays."

Mr. Koch then puts into the mouth of one of his contemporaries what seems a true analysis of the trend of events in American dramatic development: "I cannot but feel," this observer says, "that here (that is, in the theatrical experiments in our universities quite independent of professional endeavor), rather than in the present day professional stage, lies the real hope for the future of the theatre in this country."

The amateurs of the country have accepted the challenge. With the zealous idealism and the unlimited energy of youth—of youth with a vision, they are demanding the custody of the dramatic art of the nation, that they may effect its rejuvination and rehabilitation!

A CORRECTION

In the Amateur Theatricals Department, April issue, an article concerning the Community drama work of the Y. W. C. A., through an error, was published under the title: "The Y. M. C. A. Crusades for Community Drama." The Young Women's Christian Association has been one of the vital factors in Community drama, and full credit is due them for the splendid work they are doing.

The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN

Wilding, London

PEGGY O'NEIL, who is one of the sensations in London, excites the admiration of London society women by appearing at an evening function wearing an old Spanish lace shawl, given her by the Countess of Kildare. By adding a bit of Chinchilla and black velvet, a graceful neck arrangement is fashioned

AND Peggy has originated a bewildering fashion for wearing pearls! She drapes them across her forehead, where they are visible beneath the lacy theatre chapeau, and then fashions them into long earrings that swing to the shoulder and are joined to the necklace

THE picturesque use of a lace scarf and black velvet! The high Spanish comb frequently carries the effective mantilla, and even the stately English women have succumbed to its charm, and are seen at the theatre suggesting a more subtle beauty

PEGGY O'NEIL has climbed the ladder of dramatic fame and reached the top amid the applause of London. In "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," she is gaining more fame each night at the Savoy Theatre, and incidentally has launched some delightful new fashions. They are entirely original and incline rather to accessories than to entire costumes. She uses lace in telling combinations, one of the most fetching ideas outlined as a half-sleeve, which pulls over the hand and fastens under or above the elbow with an elastic. Sometimes they are made tight, like the popular lace mitt, or again they circle the wrist with a fluting and sway in lovely drapery from the elbow to the wrist. She discards this charming frippery when she wears an arm full of bracelets.

ANNE ANDREWS, APPEARING WITH WILLIAM COLLIER IN THE "HOTTENTOT," SETS THE PACE FOR SMART APPAREL

Models from Mangone

A FEMININE wrap—a cool wrap—and a smart wrap! Made of tricolette on slim coat lines with a becoming cape-collar. Flat hand-made roses of taffeta are applied at the arm opening, and also aspire to the position of a unique fastening at the waistline. It is a delightful idea to be worn with diminutive sheer frocks

(Lower panel)

AGAIN tricolette displays its beauty and possibilities in a mid-summer two-piece suit. Made on tailor lines, the three quarter sleeve invites a Directoire frill, and the deep shawl-collar repeats the invitation. When the skirt of the coat and the cuff of the sleeve is embroidered in dark brown silk, the suit is lifted into a place of distinction

Ira L. Hill Studio

AND then one must have an elegant "wrappy-coat" for the cooler days, so Mangone fashions it of sapphire blue duvetyn, embroidered in a flower motif. You would think it a cape, were it not for the long sleeve, but it is only a clever trick of the designer to satisfy the exacting demands of the smart woman

THE very latest and smartest outfit for street wear! A striped accordeon pleated skirt with a mannish little coat of plain material to harmonize with the skirt. Miss Andrews chooses one in delightful shades of tan and bottle green—the skirt in combining shades, and the loose straight jacket of plain green cloth. Can you think of anything more jaunty?

THE wrap! It is the one absorbing question with women, and it has easily become the most important garment in the seasons' wardrobe. Like the lovely hat it is worn indoors as well as out-of-doors, so that the silhouette, the fabric and the color combinations have taken on unsuspected charm. Almost reluctantly the outer garment is removed, for it has the fascination of all things that are conducive to beauty, but not necessary to comfort. The Dolman is the "wrap" of the hour.

THE blouse or over-blouse to be worn with the suit is a settled question, with a strong accent on the over-blouse. To add to its newly acquired importance there is a high soft turnover collar, with the open neck below—and frequently the tiny sleeve is a puff held in closely just above the elbow. Lace or lace-and-net over-blouses accompany the smart separate skirt, and when the blouse falls below the hip and ties back in sash-ends, a chic one-piece frock is in evidence

THE CHARM OF A TRANSPARENT HAT—A SPANGLED FROCK AND A NEGLIGÉE—FOR THE SUMMER DAY

Ira L. Hill Studio

SAPPHIRE blue spangles and tulle. Like a flower the cloudy tulle drapes over the arm into bouffant panniers at the hip, emphasizing the narrow silhouette at the ankle. Cream lace and tulle fill in the dainty underbodice, over which the spangles mount in points to the bust. The theatre hat is one of the loveliest creations imaginable — with a crown of satin brocade and a wispy brim of black Chantilly lace and jet

TO maintain her reputation for wearing smart apparel, Miss Andrews chooses a transparent hat of black silk net with a quaint double brim. An elusive and effective wreath of goura perks out gaily from between the brims, and defies a smarter or more aristocratic decoration. It makes becoming little lights and shadows on the face!

Models from Boué Soeurs

ONCE more the subtle witchery of French hand-made negligées beguile us into the path where batiks and chiffons struggle for supremacy. And if perchance "mere man" is consulted, there is no hesitation—the gown that is white and dainty with lace is his choice. And when there is a becoming little coat of rose silk that clings to the figure, and a picturesque Siamese cat in her arms, it proves Miss Andrews has more than dramatic ability

THE Watteau designed hat adds piquancy to the demure little frock of gray taffeta with its ruffled skirt and straight bodice. The hat is French blue horsehair with a side drapery of blue tulle and mauve roses to match the mauve facing of the brim. Gray chiffon ruffles hover over the taffeta foundation skirt and a flounce of the same forms a fichu over the bodice. The camouflage camisole is of old ivory lace embroidered in fleur-de-lis. And one must have French shoes to finish such a frock!

MARTHA HEDMAN CHOOSES LUSTROUS MOLESKIN FOR HER SUMMER FURS

Summer

Winter

MARTHA HEDMAN, star of the much-talked-of spiritualistic drama, "The Hole in the Wall," has a talent for selecting becoming and smart fur garments. This summer she has launched an absolute vogue for the wearing of moleskin in scarfs, capes and jackets

A DISTINGUISHED wrap, surely! A wide chiffon panel circling the figure, outlined with a band of mole. The effect is transparent ne c'est pas—and the silhouette of the figure is alluringly seen through this novel design. A soft, full collar may be gathered up high about the face, and the lower edge of the wrap lends itself to a unique fastening at the waistline in front. Most of the fur wraps this season have a wide sweep at the back, which is longer than the front

THE psychology of design in summer furs is remarkable. Below we have the clever slashing at the side, and the stand-away effect of the collar which provides the youthful wrap with an atmosphere of airy charm. The front pieces may be clasped under the arms at the back, or they may snap to the side pieces, making a more cozy wrap for cooler days

A VERSATILE coatee is necessary in the wardrobe—and when it yields its charm to a loose cape or becomes a hug-me-tight with equal fascination—one can do without a number of things. There is a lovely shaping of the lower edges which adds grace to the figure. The snug little round hat is of bright green cock feathers—a Paris fashion which is strongly approved in America

Ira L. Hill Studio

Models from A. Jaeckel & Co.

OF course, there are other delightful furs and fur-trimmed wraps for the summer—many combinations of chiffon and fur, and even net and fur. The stole and collar is now and then of white caracul or silver fox, and frequently the cape part is of lacy net. The small neck-pieces are also shown in combinations of fur with richly embroidered linings

INA CLAIRE IN HER SUMMER FROCKS

Models from Tappe, Inc.

Ira L. Hill Studio

A CHARACTERISTIC Tappe model of apple green faille, trimmed with self-ruchings. The waist-length bodice, wee sleeve and full skirt are charming features of the prevailing summer style. And when quaint black lace mitts and a transparent hat are added, what further feminine grace can be acquired in the matter of dress?

A MOLYNEUX model of ecru hand-run lace, over a peach charmeuse underslip. The full skirt is delicately hooped and swings fragilly over the slim foundation. The latest and smartest summer wrap! It's marabout, of course, with straight, floppy edges to be gathered around the form as desired. Wistaria droops from the gray horsehair hat

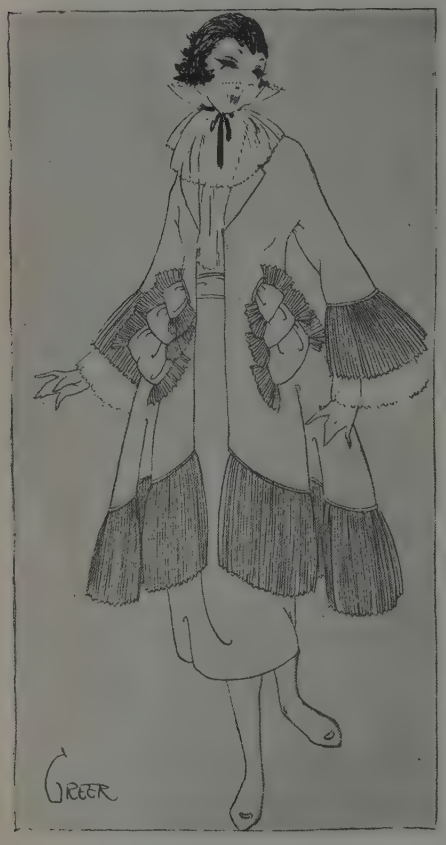
WHO but Lanvin would have dreamed of draping a light blue organdie over dark blue taffeta? Here we have it, made like a voluminous apron in open-work design, that swings open in the back. An orange horsehair hat, covered with black Chantilly lace, is a well-thought-out color scheme

FAWN-COLORED gabardine hangs in a slimpsy one-piece gown, with a simulated jacket of fancy wool stripes. A fat roll of the striped wool finishes the long-waisted bodice, and a long tie belt nips in the waist-line. A boyish red crêpe-de-chine hat with silver bugles is most fetching!

THE FASHIONS AT MONTE CARLO

By HOWARD GREER

THEY were taking their tea at Ciro's. Round about was a motley gathering of tourists, *nouveaux* riches and Slaves o' Chance. The woman under the cream lace hat, its crown a mass of pastel-shaded roses, tilted her head to one side, closed her eyes and deeply inhaled the smoke of her cigarette. The balm of Mount Olympus was never sweeter to the Gods. Her companion arranged a wisp of powdered hair and busied herself with a tiny mirror and a powder puff. Reassured of the perfection of her mauve tint, she rested her head upon one hand and surveyed the occupants of



The ruffled suit of serge which walked out of the Hotel de Paris and walked into a "pension de famille." Quite like Monte Carlo

the surrounding tables with a warm interest. The cream lace hat had exhaled a wreath of filmy smoke and was idly drawing lines upon the cloth with a blue pencil suspended from a platinum chain. It was the ever-present pencil of the player. Apparently both had just returned from the Casino, for both toyed unconsciously with their marking crayons.

The companion, in a glazed straw toque, embroidered with raffia flowers, finished her course of inspection and lighted another cigarette. From a mesh bag heavily studded with pearls and diamonds, she let fall upon her plate a shower of crisp bank-notes. Sparkling eyes, ever so cleverly deepened with shadows of violet, gloated over the earnings.

"Home again," she breathed softly, and closed her slender fingers about the money. "Isn't it too wonderful to be back?"

"Isn't it?" assented the other and sighed in solid contentment. "Things are brighter and gayer than they were before the war."

"And I can't imagine where the people are coming from," added the raffia embroidered toque. "There are Russians and Germans and Austrians as though nothing had ever happened. Have you ever seen so much money?"

"Never. Last night I won a small fortune in a private game from an ex-Austrian prince. It's delightful."

And so it is. Sunshine, color, movement, laughter, good food and plenty of money to keep them all going. The little principality of Monaco is thronged with people of leisure and lucre from the four corners of the globe. The music, the flowers, the fountains and perfumes create a paradise for the winner and fresh hope for the loser.

And clothes? One wonders if all the couturiers of Paris, working overtime for many months, could have provided the variations of the mode to be seen upon the promenades and terraces, in the gaming rooms, restaurants and theatres. It would be quite useless to search late in the afternoon for the billowy organdy frock that one had passed upon the beach in the early morning hours. It would be quite as useless to search for the same confection the next morning, or the morning after that. The frock but rarely makes more than one appearance during Milady's sojourn. For every woman stopping at the Hotel de Paris, or at the Carlton, one might estimate thirty trunks of wardrobe, and then fall shy. The toilette is really the most maddening routine in Monte—and routine it is—for there must be at least five frocks for the day's activities, not counting sports clothes if one goes in for that sort of thing!

I SAW an Englishwoman checking the list of her possessions, recently, in the course of a luncheon. She came to the end of a rather long list, paused long enough to bite her lip and sigh, and then exclaimed:

"I must leave tomorrow afternoon before tea-time!"

"Why tea-time?" I asked. "It's the most tranquil hour of the day."

"— and suffer the keenest observation," she added. "I have worn everything once and of course I can't stay on and 'repeat'! I still have a morning frock, a luncheon frock, and a suity sort of thing for a turn or two at the wheel immediately after lunch—but when it comes tea-time, I must be gone, or be concealed!"

A pointed serge frock that won a fortune with only a louis. Mercury points they are, of accordion pleating

And she was quite serious. Her holiday was suddenly brought to a close until a flight to Paris and a re-equipment could be realized. Of course, she is an exception, but, "enfin," she embodies the spirit of Monte. While she would

The apricot taffeta and cream-lace, worn by Madame X on "reckless evenings"

have felt the honor of her family at stake in appearing the second time in one of her creations, she would have been highly flattered to encounter a copy of the same robe upon another woman. I remember a morning of intense confusion, when, in no more than an hour's time, the same wooly green suit, embroidered with black leather, white floss and coral beads, passed by upon five different wearers. A great rèclame it was for the designer—who happened to be stopping in town that day—and a great "coup" for the individuals, inasmuch as one was quite as smart as all the others, which was assurance itself that the choice had not been a bad one.

At night the brilliantly lighted rooms of the Casino and the Sporting Club are a pageant of color. Exotic perfumes mingle with the smoke. Rustling silks and brocades form an undercurrent to the chatter and laughter. There are headdresses and jewels that would turn Cleopatra green with envy. Unfortunately, there are no evening mantles in the gambling rooms themselves, for, not unlike when visiting the Louvre in Paris, or the Palace at Versailles, "canes and umbrellas are checked at the door." The female Raffles would find no end of opportunities to conceal swiftly stolen money in the folds of a cloak or the pockets of a scarf. Monsieur, too,

(*Concluded on page* 550)

MIGEL'S WASHABLE WHITE FAN-TA-SI IN SPORTS SKIRTS

Women's and Misses'

Separate Silk Skirts

For walking, golfing, tennis and general wear

FOR years the women of America have hoped for a Silk Sports Skirt that would wash.

Migel's Washable White Fan-Ta-Si—the most beautiful of white Sports Silks—may safely be sent to any laundry, or washed at home—it will lose none of its beauty of weave or lustre.

Think of the economy and the convenience.

A label is sewed on the waistband, and a tag attached which gives full instructions and full assurance.

MIGEL SILKS
ORIGINALITY—QUALITY

Sole Maker

J. A. Migel

422 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK

THE FASHIONS AT MONTE CARLO

(*Continued from page 548*)

is subject to certain rules of admittance, but rules less embarrassing in the limiting of his adornment. Cuffs upon trousers are "taboo." Too often a flock of golden louis is swept to the floor and strain coins might find the cuff of a trouser-leg more to their liking, than the cold surface of the marble floors. But upon the terraces and in the gardens, strolling about amidst the fountains and the beds of flowers, one comes face to face with astonishing cloaks of feathers, fur, brocades and lace.

Upon the surface life is gay and overflowing, but the usual minor catastrophes are found in the undertow. Today it is millions and tomorrow little more than a sou. One day it is a villa overlooking the sea or a gilded suite in the best hotel, and tomorrow it is the room under the eaves in a "pension de famille." There is always the chance of winning back the millions and the villa, and hope never dies. With each frock accompanying this article, is a bit of romance or tragedy from the Cote d'Azur.

THE first is a blue serge morning frock with flying points of narrow pleating. The original model was recently displayed in Pacquin's showrooms but at Monte it was being worn by an Italian princess. The designer remembered the Parisian maxim—"A shoestring is better than no girdle at all," and has waistlined what otherwise might have been a straight chemise frock with a narrow band of the serge. The Italian princess was wearing the youthful frock at the Casino one morning—and losing heavily upon each turn of the wheel. Finally, with an air of unconcern she threw a golden louis upon the number 8 and left the room. Apparently she forgot about her play and several hours later, on re-entering the room, she found that a steady run of 8's had followed her play and a neat stack of ten thousand-franc notes was waiting to be drawn from the table. This is the story of the blue serge frock with the pleated points and the luck it carried its wearer.

A tale less alluring relates to a wired white taffeta with the blue satin bow perched upon one side. A charming Russian—of the late nobility—with olive skin and jet black hair, had worn it during the evening at the Sporting Club. Her luck was phenomenal up to a certain point, when merciless losses began to succeed reckless chances. At length but six thousand-franc notes remained in the possession of the taffeta crinoline. Trente et Quarante was the game. One "billet" was put upon red, and black came up. Another note went upon red, but again black followed. A third note met the same fate. Convinced that a run of black had come to stay, two of the three remaining notes were tossed upon that color—and red came up! What can one do with a thousand francs—even in Monte Carlo—when that happens to be the last thousand? Apparently this is the thought that harrassed the Russian lady, for she left the rooms and several moments later attempted to drown herself in the Mediterranean. The lady and the taffeta frock were pulled from the sea. What happened to the thousand-franc note, no one knows. The lady is recovering, but the frock is in no condition to grace the gambling rooms again.

An example of popular Egyptian line. Green gold bodice, gold cross lines, and skirt of solid black and jade beads. From Callot

The suit of serge, with the fluted ruffling, is the one that came out of the Hotel de Paris one bright sunny morning, with all the abandon and "savoir faire" of a chic tailleur of the world, about to enjoy a promenade. Following the suit—and this was the distressing part of the whole affair—came a terrifying number of wardrobe trunks, which the lady directed to a comfortable spot near the exit and then disappeared.

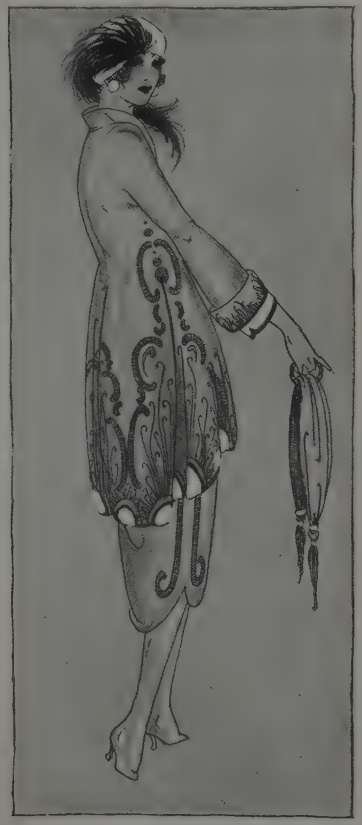
"Aha," said my companion, "leaving town rather hurriedly!"

We thought no more of the lady until an hour or more later. We were strolling about the town and had come to a remote section where hotels become "pensions" and avenues become rues. Quite as respectable as one of the villa outlooks down upon the beach, but not so preferable. Here one can retain a Monte Carlo address and live as moderately as one can upon "the other side of the river" in Paris. And here we ran across the chic tailleur—entering a modest "pension de famille" and directing the dispersal of her trunks.

"After this she'll pay her bills twice weekly," commented the companion, and we passed on.

The rose-tinted organdy frock with the painstaking rows of tiny triangles sewed one over the other, belongs to the Spanish lady who was lunching at Ciro's one glorious, perfumed day. The lady was hostess of a party of four, and all were in exceeding good spirits. The menu, so far as I was aware, was extremely simple, but its preparation would have thrilled old Epicurus. I recall an assortment of *hors d'oeuvres,* a neatly roasted fowl garnished with mushrooms and pimientos, new asparagus paling beneath an enchanting sauce, and little cones of coffee parfait, followed by the inevitable demitasse. The repast ran very smoothly until the bill was presented, when the rose organdy called for the maitre d'hotel and demanded an explanation. Understanding no Spanish, and but slightly more French, I might not have understood the complications, but after six or seven shrill protestations, naming "six hundred and seventy francs" as the offenders, I began to understand the trouble. Naturally it ended by the six hundred and seventy francs being paid for the *nourriture* consumed, but the rose organdy swept out of the restaurant declaring she would take the matter before the Prince of Monaco, himself, who "happened" to be a personal friend.

There is a shadow-frock of lacy layers belonging to a visiting Englishwoman who wisely never gambles, but amuses herself most of the time in the rooms of the Casino, "looking on." Her day frocks are very extreme, and excuse enough for never playing. With their high binding collars, and stiffly crinkled flaring cuffs, one would be forever discommoded. Serious gambling, like any other of the sports, calls for comfortable, convenient clothing. Fancy finding oneself in the midst of a run of reds, with a starched collar that hides your pile of banknotes from sight. And fancy the heat of a losing game coupled with the strenuous manoeuvering of a charming but impractical skirt of uncontrolled panniers. The shadow-frock, aforementioned, is perhaps the most practical of her repertoire. It carries an ancient pointed basque, almost Elizabethan, with a frill of lace that might have served as a wired collar but contents itself in sponsoring for the sleeves. The bodice is of black, deep blue and gold brocade, while the yards of lace are as sheer and gauzy as the spider's web. From the bodice are suspended satin streamers, falling nearly to the hem of the longest in the series of flounces.



A Molyneux model of embroidered raffia — champagne-colored tricot — cuffs of piped organdy. Hat of raffia, straw and satin

A modest frock of blue serge, trimmed in black patent leather, with a white organdy waistcoat

Vanity Fair
Silk Underwear

Vanity Fair Vantie No. 64012

Miss Virginia Lee, now appearing in "What's In a Name," is a Vanity Fair enthusiast.

"YES, I know there's nothing to compare with the Vanity Fair Knicker," said a Vanity Fair enthusiast one day. "That double back is the most ingenious bit of designing I've ever seen,—but—after all, it *is* a knicker and I think knickers are warm for summer wear."

That set the Vanity Fair designers to planning, and when they start planning, something unusual is sure to result!

And here it is! It is so typically a Vanity Fair creation that the temptation to name it for its parent was too strong to resist—hence the name "Vanties."

There's no waist band to adjust to one's plump or slender girth, it has an elastic at the waist just as trim as the knicker's. But, instead of being caught at the knee, the Vanties hang free with slashed sides as in the Step-In Envelope Chemise. These sides are daintily hemstitched.

In all Vanity Fair silk underwear, you will find the same originality of design. There's the Plus-4-Inch Vest; the Sure-Lap Union, cut to stay closed. The knicker that has a double-back which is really "wear-proof", and the Step-In Envelope Chemise has neither snaps nor buttons to come off or undone. The Pettibocker has captured the beruffled charm of the petticoat and wedded it to the boyish comfort of the knicker. The camisole is of tailored simplicity—you see it illustrated.

All are Vanity Fair's own designs, all fashioned of Vanity Fair's luxuriously heavy glove silk.

The Vanity Fair Camisole, daintily hemstitched and "beribboned"—No. 54888.

Vanity Fair Silk Mills, READING, PA.

Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

By ANGELINA

This is the exterior of the Elizabethan Manor House erected on the main floor at Harrod's, Brompton Road [take the "tube" to Knightsbridge], whose every brick and bit of timber has been assembled from old houses of that time

And this is the entrance to the Jacobean Lounge, which occupies the whole interior of the house, the heavy oaken doors and their frame being particularly noble representatives of the Tudor period

(Below)

The Lounge itself, for whose furnishings the nooks and corners of England were scoured that the most beautiful pieces of furniture and wood carvings might be obtained for it. It is in this room that the American Bureau of Information will be located

YOU'VE heard of Harrod's in London? Yes? No? In case No, it's one of the town's most famous shops, an institution, patronized by Royalty, known to everyone. It will be to you, too, as soon as you go to England. A fascinating place, Harrod's! I spent half my days there the last time I was in London.

SUCH an interesting invitation came to me from their shop, this week. Not so much to me personally, as to me as an American. I'm to pass the invitation on, they say, to all my American friends and acquaintances who are going abroad this year.

HARROD'S have conceived a really delightful idea, just especially for us. No more nor less than the erection of a small Elizabethan Manor House on their main floor, inside which is a perfectly reproduced Jacobean Lounge.

THIS Lounge is to be used as a general Bureau of Information for Americans in London. It will arrange a motor trip for you, conventional or unconventional, the places you want to see, or the places you ought to want to see, or a dash of both. It will suggest week-end trips according to your purse, and tell "what's good" at the theatre. It will open a checking account, book your steamship passage, receive messages from home.

(*Continued on page* 560)

Poudres de COTY

Paris

L'ORIGAN - LA ROSE JACQUEMINOT
CHYPRE - JASMIN DE CORSE
LILAS POURPRE - STYX - L'OR
MUGUET - LE VERTIGE
LILAS BLANC - AMBRE ANTIQUE
L'EFFLEURT - LA VIOLETTE POURPRE

New York 714 Fifth Avenue

Happiest of moments, indeed, when you follow the bride to the altar, keeping graceful, conscious step with the strains of the march and looking your prettiest in your correct and exquisite gown of taffeta and bridal veiling—enhanced in charm by the girdle and sash of

"J. C." Lady Fair Ribbon

and delightfully colored rosettes of the same ribbon.

"J. C." are America's Best Ribbons. There's one for every need—buy them by name.

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Send 10 cents for new Spring and Summer RIBBONOLOGY—shows how to make useful ribbon novelties.

J.C. AMERICA'S BEST RIBBONS

The Programme of Fashion

Campbell

Miss Clara Moores of the Cape Cod comedy, "Shavings," wears the most original hat of the season. It is one of the "Bluebird" hats, made of a handful of crisp shavings, which are enameled fern green, with a facing of corn-colored shavings

AN AMERICAN HAT, THE VOGUE IN PARIS

A HAT made of wood, or rather of shavings. And the stage is the source of another vogue that promises to remain a vogue throughout the season. Due to the high cost of living campaign, one of our clever American designers found a real inspiration in the opening performance of "Shavings," and forthwith launched an innovation in the economy line. But it has become the correct thing to wear a "Shavings" hat with the tailleur. Perhaps nothing has been introduced in recent years to conform with so much chic to the street costume. No trimming is required, though Miss Moores has added a crush bow of coral velvet at the side front of another model—a shavings hat of deep ivory enamel. It was during the play, when the floor of the stage toy shop was littered with fine wood shavings, that the clever designer got his inspiration—a hat that was the essence of chic style and made of an absolutely unthought-of material.

EMILY STEVENS AND THE SILHOUETTE!

WE thought Emily Stevens was deliciously plump when we saw her in "Sophie," but decided she had the slimest silhouette in the world when we saw her in "Foot Loose," a new play by Zoe Akins, two nights later. Which appearance was most attractive 'tis hard to say, but at any rate, the change was due to the clothes she wore! To witness such a transformation is an eye-opener to the hitherto unobserving, who perhaps love fabric and color but have given little study to silhouette—that word that spells style or lack of it when applied to the wearing of clothes. It has become the custom for smart American couturiers to costume the play, or the star in a play, so we were not surprised when we discovered that Bergdorf-Goodman had costumed Miss Stevens. The demure little brown and orange colored suit is rich in color and likewise fashion ideas, and the emerald green chiffon house gown, with its clinging, swinging lines, offers immediate inspiration for that alluring garment yet to be ordered.

Miss Stevens wears a cunning little close-fitting hat of straw, completely covered with drooping cock feathers. They cover the eyes in the smart new fashion of the "masque" veil

No matter how simple the frock, when sleeves are short, the arm is circled with numerous bracelets of jeweled or antique design

"Onyx" Hosiery

Silk

With "Pointex" Heel

Best completes the costume for any occasion indoors-or out, in the glorious summer days when well-fitting, high quality hosiery appears to greatest advantage.

At the better shops.

Emery & Beers Company Inc.
Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors,
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SUMMER FURS

Milady's Furs

in extravagant variety

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SPRING & SUMMER WEAR

Afternoon and Evening Wraps

in Georgette and Chiffon combined with Squirrel, Mole, etc.

One-, Two- and Three-Skin Animal Scarfs in Stone Marten, Baum Marten and Hudson Bay Sables, and the Finest of RUSSIAN SABLES

An unusual collection *of* SILVER FOXES

New Effects in *Summer Capes, Stoles and Coatees*

ADVANCED MODELS *for* next Autumn and Winter

Balch, Price & Co.

Fulton and Smith Streets, Brooklyn, New York

The Programme of Fashion

Billie Burke, ready to leave her charming home for a canter through the hills of Westchester County. She wears a Nardi outfit of green tweed coat with breeches of checked brown and green

AS TO RIDING CLOTHES

AMERICAN women are beginning to ride horseback more—they are learning to know the great thrill that goes with the swift rush through the fragrant woods and parks—and they are learning to appreciate that they are gaining health and beauty at the same time. Many of our beautiful stage women know the secret—and they are seen as chic little sportswomen, abandoning themselves to this great exhilaration.

And how they ride! And what they wear! Almost without exception the stage women ride astride, while a large portion of society women insist on the more conservative sidewise fashion. After all, it is a matter of individual choice and one rides like one dresses—according to personal taste. Bedford cord in colorful shades of tan and blue makes most of the breeches, and invariably a smart coat of mixed tweed accompanies the youthful style. A soft turnover collar with College striped four-in-hands is the popular neck arrangement, though on very warm days the rider usually resorts to a round necked blouse of Crepe de Chine or Pussy Willow silk.

A very smart skirt for sidewise riding has been designed by Nardi—it is fetching when one walks, too. It is rather circular in cut, with a yoke that snaps to the depth of several inches. The body of the skirt then fastens around to the side, leaving a fashionable side opening. If by chance the rider is thrown or meets with an accident, the skirt comes off automatically as it were.

The final touch of smartness to the riding outfit, is the gauntlet glove; in heavy kid or suede for the mount, but they are the charming accessory of the moment for street wear also, and comes in soft pastel shades. It is a Parisian fancy which has been quickly sponsored by the smart American woman.

Miss Burke wears this French caprice of Fashion, which is the envy of a number of friends. It is of chamois colored suede with heavy embroidery stitching of brown silk—the stiff cuff is lined with checked tan and brown leather.

Entrance Spanish Embassy, Washington, D. C.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

TO say that a motor *improves with use* may sound paradoxical. But owners, after years of use, say this is their actual experience with Willys-Knight motors.

The Willys-Knight motor receives its gas through openings in sliding sleeves mechanically operated. It has no clashing valves. A gradual accumulation of carbon, between the sleeves, seals the compression more tightly. In power and quietness, the motor thus improves with use.

That explains why owners so universally declare, the Willys-Knight runs *better* the *longer* it runs.

Willys-Knight Booklet on Request.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., *Toledo, Ohio*

WILLYS-OVERLAND LIMITED, *Toronto, Canada*

Willys KNIGHT
SLEEVE-VALVE MOTOR
IMPROVES WITH USE

POOR SIR WALTER IS FORGOTTEN, DICKENS NEGLECTED, THACKERAY DISREGARDED, AND STEVENSON, MACAULAY, LAMB AND ALL THE REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN—

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come into your library. Here is the one complete record of the American Stage—the one publication devoted exclusively to the Art, the Literature, the Mechanics of the Drama.

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.
6 EAST 39th STREET
NEW YORK

LIGHTING THE AMATEUR PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 539)

against the pillows. These are simple cases, of course, but other tricks are quite as usual. In "Seventeen," when Baxter stood before the mirror to note the dashing appearance he made in his father's dress suit, few persons realized that an extra amount of light was turned upon him from a small spotlight concealed among the foots. There are heightening effects used in the most realistic productions. Mrs. Fiske may remark that she did not know for a long time the meaning of the phrase, "a little more of the 'baby' on the King," but every other stage performer knows its meaning, and yearns for the thing itself.

AS amateurs deal largely with unusual plays, so they have more opportunities than professionals for unusual lighting effects. All of us have heard of the wonderful effects secured by simple means. Maurice Broune always declared that the lighting system of his Chicago Little Theatre was extremely simple. Quite melting moon's rays have been projected across stage from a bicycle lantern wrapped in colored tissue paper. Improvised dimmers have been mentioned already.

With the propensity to romantic, costume, fantastic productions, has come the most significant opportunity of amateur stage decorators. A large number of treatises offer help to the beginning experimenter. If he has the equipment, the material, the time, he can work out combinations for himself.

One of the greatest helps to him is the scheme of painting with color. In this he actually tints uncolored or neutrally colored scenery and hangings with colored lights. Such a scheme cannot be utilized for all kinds of plays, but skilfully employed, it produces elements of beauty which are artistic delights. The method requires delicacy of treatment, for it must be suggestive, not garish. It also must not interfere with the proper lighting of the characters, nor must it be neutralized by this. Somewhat related to this is a scheme of planes of lights. These planes, extending across stage parallel to the footlights, may be merely planes of different intensities, or they may be planes of different colors. If the first—different intensities—they may be used in relation to the emotional phases of the action to emphasize it. If so used, many rehearsals will have to be conducted in this lighting. If different colors form the planes, the lighting will add to the pictorial effect. Such a scheme—to give only one instance—might be followed for the first scene of "The Harlequinade," by Granville Barker, representing the banks of the Styx. The back drop or horizon could be bathed in the coldest, most mysterious blue, with vertical shafts of other lights to indicate vast depths below. The rugged rock profiles and the bare trees might be colored brown and dead gray. Just in front of this there might be a pink section. As characters advance through this the audience would receive just a hint of that ruddiness which all of us associate with the underworld. Near the front an amber zone would give the air of reality in which the philosopher, newly arrived from earth, might stand, and into which the deities might pass as they decide to leave the dwellings of the dead to come to this world. When Mercury appears bright rays from a baby spotlight should be thrown full upon him to emphasize his brilliance.

Amateurs have only begun to sound the possibilities of lighting. They are handicapped by lack of space, equipment, means. Yet they are making progress in spite of many drawbacks and mistakes.

A RECENTLY exploited field is the emphasis of dramatic action and emotional stress by a play of lights. Some directors have made attempts; a few have achieved successes; others have perpetrated disheartening mistakes.

In a Greek tragedy, suddenly to shift from amber to red because speakers begin to discuss war is to jolt the sensibilities, rather than to reinforce the theme. It would be just as wrong to color every sentimental passage with pink or violet. To heighten some effects there must be an observance of that other essential principle—contrast. An art director will do well to pause and consider all possibilities before choosing one. Will the darkening effect of red be the best medium to accompany the results of battle, murder, and sudden death? Would the revealing coldness of full white sunlight do better? Evidently, there should always be the appropriate adjustment of means to ends.

WHILE color is one of the most fascinating elements of a theatrical production to experiment with, it should be understood that its use must depend upon long and careful and appreciative experimentation. Distance, shadows, basic color of scenery, costumes, movements of performers, make-up—any single one of these may spoil the result of long calculated combinations. The general use of amber on the stage has changed make-up to have the actors appear natural under the newer medium.

The risks attendant upon manipulation of lighting are omnipresent; but the exultation resulting from a telling stroke o'erweighs all the disappointments.

You and yours

Should brush teeth in this new way

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of teeth are now cleaned in a new way. You see them everywhere—glistening teeth.

They are pretty teeth, but there's a deeper reason for them. They are safer, cleaner. The cloudy and destructive film is every day combated.

You will use this method and have your family use it when you make this ten-day test.

To end the film

The purpose is to fight film—that viscous film you feel. It is the teeth's chief enemy.

It is that film-coat which discolors. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It dims the teeth, and month after month, between dental cleanings, it may do a ceaseless damage. That is why tooth troubles come despite the daily brushings.

What dentists urge

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Authorities have amply proved it by many careful tests.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

Sent to anyone who asks

A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to anyone who asks, and millions have thus proved it. Every person owes himself that test.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has discovered a harmless activating method, and active pepsin can be every day applied.

Two other problems have been solved in Pepsodent. In three ways this tooth paste brings a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch the results of a ten-day test. Read the reason for them, then judge for yourself what is best.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how they whiten as the film coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.

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Summer Furs

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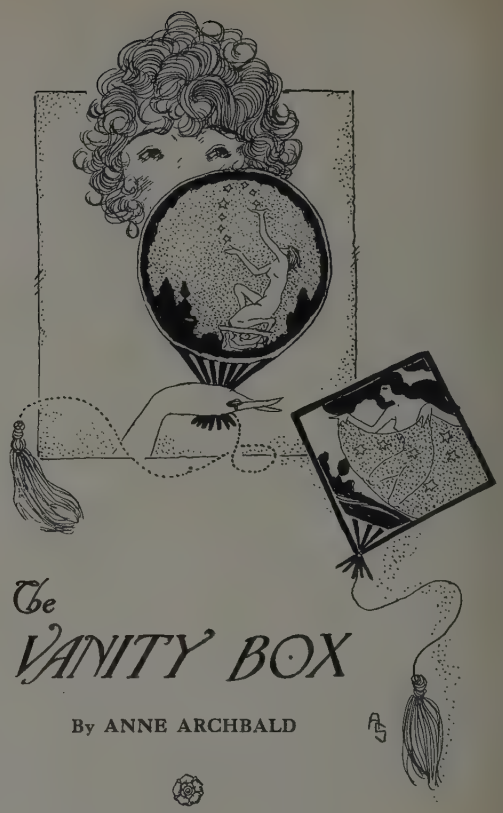


The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

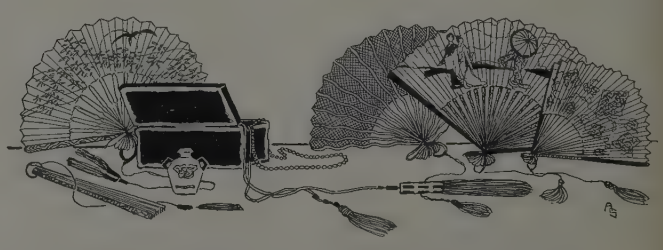
A CHARMING French artist, at present living in New York, asked me recently, "Why don't you American women make more use of the fan?" I had gone to his studio to see the costume designs he was creating for a new stage production. Among these were some enchanting fans. You may note two at the top of the page. As he showed them to me, the young artist uttered his query and carried on his thought somewhat as follows:

THE fan is one of the most delightful weapons of *coqueterie*. It gives such graceful play for the hand and wrist. It punctuates and makes a conversation" (and a flirtation?) "more telling, more vivacious. Best of all, it can add such a stunning dash of color to a costume." He instanced the little paper fan of turquoise and white bone sticks that one of our stars is carrying with her pink Chinese costume. It is not necessary that this fan be elaborate of feathers, or lace, my artist says. He would have it, for summer, on the order of a "poster" fan, made of papers and light woods, but of amusing shapes, gaily and artistically colored, with harmonizing tassel and cord for a fillip. Such need not be expensive, none over a dollar or two apiece. And he would like to do a series of say, half a dozen of this order, that would go with every possible costume, at a flat price. The whole idea is original and intriguing, is it not?

MY visit inspired me to a quest of what the shops had to offer. But I found the fan market rather short. Difficulties of importation, it seems. I discovered, however, in one shop, some fascinating little spangled gauze fans, in bright, lovely shades, to carry with summer afternoon or evening frocks. And in another, some imported Japanese fans in gauze, with bamboo and lacquered sticks, simple, practical and effective. They are shown sketched below.

I PASS on to you the query given above. *Mesdames,* why *don't* you make more use of the fan? Create a home market for it by your demand. June starts the months when the fan is an invaluable adjunct to the powder puff. You, too, might start the fan habit along with it.

(If you care to know the name and address of the French artist, and the two shops mentioned above, write The Vanity Box, Care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 *East 39th St., New York City)*



A fan of white, embroidered with cherry red bamboo foliage and having sandalwood side sticks: one of black gauze with shiny, lacquered black sticks: one of printed gauze with bamboo sticks: and a fan for afternoon of spangled gauze, which comes combined with yellow, old blue, or rose

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AN open-air dining place in which the fullest expectations of the elite are realized. Incomparable in brilliance of setting, service, music and cuisine, peerless in the tone of its clientele, it stands as the ultimate achievement of fashionable New York's summer season.

Vantines

Announce

"Jafleur"

THE latest exotic conception of the Vantine Perfumers, in a fascinating Toilet Water of exquisite delicacy and elusive fragrance, appealing particularly to women whose refinement of taste, demands distinctiveness and individuality, rather than a mingling of incongruous odors.

Price $3.50

Vantines Perfumes and Toilet Requisites are for sale only by the best shops everywhere. If your favorite store cannot supply you, send your order direct, mentioning dealer's name, and we shall see that you are supplied.

A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

(Concluded from page 552)

A close-up of the mullioned window and the woodwork, in the Lounge showing an unusually beautiful dower chest

YOU are to foregather there, and meet your friends. Harrod's slogan is "hospitality." And you have only to look at the pictures on this page to know in what charming surroundings all these transactions may take place.

I AM sure beforehand of the popularity of the Lounge. I even prophesy that in a short time it will have attained a similar reputation to that well-known hotel lounge in Paris, of which it is said that "if you only sit in it long enough, you will see all the celebrated people of the world pass through." Change "people" to "Americans," and you will have the Jacobean Lounge at Harrod's.

MYSELF, I shall probably not make London this summer, what with Newport and Long Island to take care of, to say nothing of keeping New York in order. But if you are sailing for the other side, please go and accept Harrod's invitation for me.

One of the hospitable corners where you are to rest and foregather with your friends while Harrod's takes care for you of the tiresome details incident to the pleasures of travel

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Every Womans Depilatory

Removes Hair
Immediately—safely

BY actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most cleanly; after use there is no mussy mixture to wash away. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. De Miracle alone devitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Three Sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper on receipt of 63c. $1.04 or $2.08, which includes war tax.

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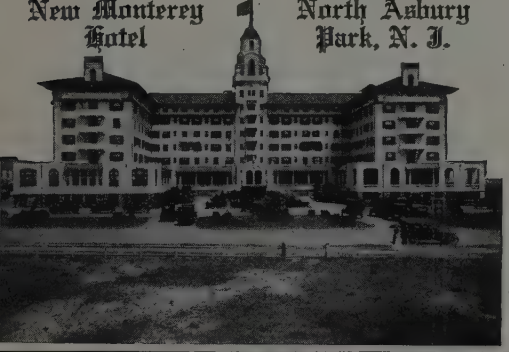

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COMMUNITY DRAMATICS

(*Continued from Page 541*)

their company are song leaders for community sings, choruses, and minstrel players. The audience is invariably invited to join in when the ten-minute sing is given for prologue—and another ten-minute sing for epilogue.

Hewlett was the first of these towns to start the ball rolling for community drama last January. With Charlotte Galpin, and Alice Seaman directing, a group of Hewlett girls put on a vaudeville sketch and gave a minstrel show, followed by a community dance. It was so much fun that the Hempstead girls decided on a more abitious program, so organized a dramatic club and produced "The Russian Honeymoon." Next came "The Romancers," by Rostand, presented by a Cedarhurst group, and a comedy, "What Happened to Jones," done by the Freeport club. Minstrel shows where local hits could be worked up, were wanted by a number of the other towns. Frequently the minstrel show, like the community sing, is an opening wedge for the one-act play, for the concert and the oratorio. Community sings are very popular in all of these Long Island towns. Manhasset has one each Saturday night. The Strolling Players are about to find fertile ground for their planting—as well as to have the time of their lives.

IN Richmond, Virginia, a long abandoned school building was given to the Unity Club by the School Board and the city, and has been remodeled into a community centre for the particular neighborhood from which the club membership is drawn.

Dramatics play a large part in their activitie's program. The old school building has a fair-sized auditorium and in addition to providing a place for plays, weekly lectures and dances, it permits the running of a tri-weekly movie show.

As an example of how much a small neighborhood group can do in the promotion of a community centre at a minimum of expense this Richmond experiment has its points. The membership dues, which are one dollar a month for men; fifty cents for girls; ten cents for children, provide an income of nearly two hundred dollars a month. The residents of the district run the club, dictate the policies and provide volunteer workers. Charlotte Whiting Sudberry, of New York, is the Community Service worker assisting them.

DOWN in San Antonio, Texas, a community pageant was recently presented by the Catholic Women's Association which combined the historical with the picturesque in a striking manner. The pageant was, "The Trail Through San Antonio." The president of the local Y. W. C. A. and the president of the local Jewish Council of Women, materially assisted the Catholic Women's Association in all the details of management and presentation. The rehearsals took place in the Community House of San Antonio, where Martha Zachman is in charge of girls' activities.

DRAMATIC work of distinction and beauty is being accomplished by the people of Tacoma, Washington. Their spring production of Josephine Preston Peabody's "The Piper," given in Wright Park, brought together 200 participants from many different neighborhoods of this far northwestern city. A large number of the boys from the Y. M. C. A. took part in this, the organization furnishing their costumes.

Preparations for a great pageant to be held this summer in the Tacoma stadium are under way.

A group of talented young men and women have formed here a dramatic club known as The Drama League Players of Tacoma. They have produced this spring, "The Avenue," by Fenimore Merrill at the Tacoma Theatre; "Between the Soup and the Savory," at Camp Lewis and the Soldiers and Sailors' Club; "The Florist Shop" and "The Locked Chest," by John Masefield, at Tacoma Theatre. A one-act play, "The Lights of Snarling Reef," by Mrs. F. E. Kennard of Tacoma, also produced at the city theatre by the Drama League Players, with scenery made by a member of the League, aroused much popular interest. A Junior Department has been created by the League with Florence E. Wilbur as chairman.

THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB

(*Continued from Page 538*)

little group of collegiate Gilberts and Sullivans started their first rehearsals, the Hasty Pudding Club has grown and expanded, and it is now one of the largest and most prominent of the many college dramatic clubs throughout the country. The members give a number of private entertainments and one public production during the year, all being of the musical comedy order.

The traditions of the club are rigorously upheld, and hasty pudding is still served at every initiation and meeting. The rum toddy, alas, has vanished into the dim but glorious past.

IN celebration of its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary, the club is this year presenting "Barnum Was Right," a musical comedy, which toured Boston, New York and Phila-

(*Continued on Page 565*)

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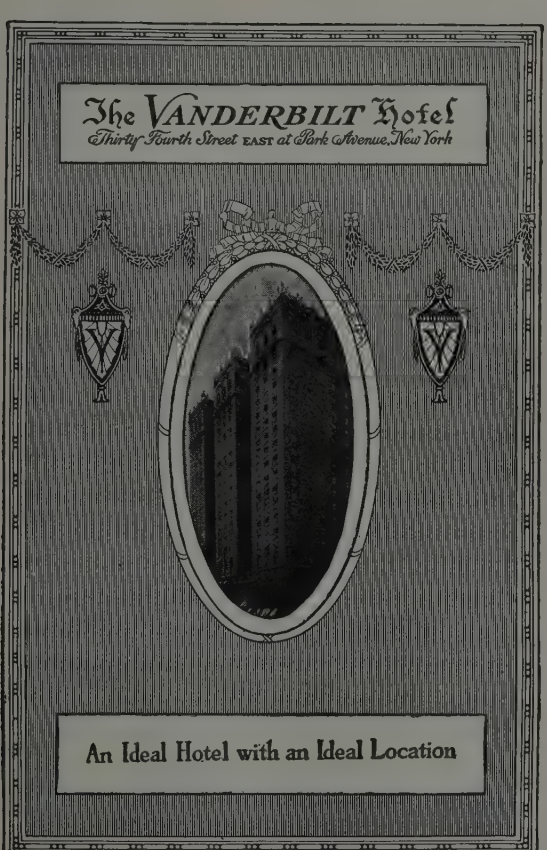

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CORRECTION

In the article entitled "Twenty Years of Theatregoing," in the May issue, page 350, a typographical error makes it appear that the New Theatre was first opened November 8, 1919. The correct date was, of course, November 8, 1909. This correction is made in the interest both of accuracy and historical record.

AMATEUR ACTIVITIES

A performance of "Green Stockings" given at the High School, Charlottesville, Va., in which Miss Gill King, who took the star part showed marked dramatic ability, not usually found in a young amateur of fourteen. The cast left to right is as follows: Mr. Garnet Savin, Miss Gill King, Mr. Burbridge Yancey, Mr. Robert Yowell, Miss Kathleen Carrol and Mr. Roland Eustler.

WITH banners flying from the Jacobean towers, pipes and flutes playing merrily, five hundred students will present the May revels of an Elizabethan village in an Old English May Day at Bryn Mawr College. Six plays of the period will form the serious dramatic entertainment. Two masques will be given in the library cloisters, while a village green with May poles and thatched cottages will be reproduced on the lawn before Merion Hall. Peasants and gentry will dance there, tumblers and chimney sweeps will hold holiday, while hawkers and applewomen display their wares. Snow-white oxen and lambs will add to the rural scene.

Robin and his merry men will ride through the avenue of Maples on horseback and after adventures with King Richard and his courtiers, win Maid Marian, who, chosen by the students as the most beautiful of their number, will be crowned Queen of the May. The part of Robin will be played by Miss Lois Kellogg of Utica, New York, who is also chairman of the Executive Committee in charge of May Day. The Queen will be Miss Elizabeth Vincent, daughter of Dr. George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, New York City.

Besides "Robin Hood," "The Old Wives' Tale," "The Play of St. George and the Dragon," "The Nice Wanton," "The XI Pageant of Jephte" and scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be given. Ben Jonson's "Hue and Cry After Cupid" and the anonymous "Masque of Flowers" will be presented in the cloisters. The afternoon's entertainment will open with a pageant in which the entire undergraduate body will take part and a May pole dance with five poles on Merion Green.

Editor's Note:—An interesting illustrated story of the May Day festivities will be published in an early issue.

Miss Dorothy Fields, daughter of Lew Fields, one of the stars in "You'd Be Surprised," presented by the Akron Club, at the Cort Theatre, in aid of The Bluebird Camp

GOOD enough for Broadway," said Lew Fields and he ought to know.

"You'd Be Surprised," a tuneful, rollicking, musical comedy, was produced at the Cort Theatre on Sunday evening, April 11th, by the Akron Club. The book was written by Milton Bender, the lyrics by Lorenz Hart and the delightful score by Richard C. Rogers, composer of the recently produced and very successful Columbia Varsity Musical Comedy.

The cast included Miss Dorothy Fields, daughter of Lew Fields; Miss Ella Le Blang, Miss Elise Bonwit, of the Metropolitan Ballet; Miss Ethel Rogers, daughter of Maude Raymond, and many other clever and talented young people.

The Akron Club gave the play, under the direction of Mrs. Alex. Kempner, to help establish the Bluebird Camp, at Bear Mountain, New York, which Mrs. Kempner is organizing as a vacation place for poor children.

THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB

(Continued from Page 562)

delphia. The Harvard undergraduates who will constitute the cast will attempt to demonstrate to the denizens of those metropolis that dramatic talent thrives on a hasty pudding diet.

The play, which was written by Robert E. Sherwood, of New York, and Samuel P. Sears, of Boston, was originally scheduled for production in the spring of 1917, but was immediately abandoned when the United States declared war, as every member of the club forsook his curly wig and his ballet dresses for a costume designed by the Secretary of War.

Of the original cast, not one remains in the present production of the play; and the service flag of "Barnum Was Right" bears fifteen gold stars for the young players who made the supreme sacrifice during the war.

The present cast of "Barnum Was Right" includes C. A. Clark, one of Harvard's greatest athletes; Edgar Scott, president of the Lampoon, the college humorous paper; John Craig, Jr., son of the famous producer, and Foster M. Trainer. All of these men served overseas during the war, Trainer having been wounded in action with the 26th Division. Hugh Ward, treasurer of the Lampoon, is manager of the production.

"Barnum Was Right," was coached by Miss Alexandra Carlisle, the distinguished English actress. The story of the play deals with the adventures of one, Barnum O'Brien, who was named after the great circus man and brought up as a disciple of the doctrine that the public like to be humbugged. He wanders about the earth, practising his buncombe upon the various people with whom he comes in contact, and managing to eke out a precarious but interesting existence. He finally reaches Egypt, where the action of the play takes place, and becomes involved in a series of dilemnas from which he escapes by means of a hoax that would have put P. T. Barnum himself to shame.

Insofar as costumes and scenery are concerned, "Barnum Was Right" is the most pretentious production that The Hasty Pudding Club has ever made. The settings, four in number were designed by Frost and Ely, of Boston.

MY FUNNIEST STAGE EXPERIENCE

(Continued from page 504)

"Poor old Blutcher! If mankind drank more water we wouldn't need so many poorhouses and jails." With nothing more to say, I made a desperate attempt to drag the horse away, but the dry codfish was having its effect. The harder I pulled, the more frantically did the scrawny animal cling to the vicinity of the now empty well, until with a sudden lurch he nosed the entire structure, rope, pail and tackle, into the orchestra pit.

"I tried to jolly the horse, and the audience, and myself, faking that it was all a part of the show; but they would'nt swallow it—even in Seattle—just sat back and roared. I was making a fast dramatization when that horse suddenly kicked his heels in the air and made a wild, flying exit, dragging me after him. We came up against the brick wall, but I managed to extricate myself and go on with the show—that is, after the audience had quieted down again. The funny part of it was that, according to the plot, I was supposed to come on again, in the next scene, limping, and I don't mind stating that I gave a most realistic portrayal of a limp."

SOME RICHARDS I HAVE SEEN

(Continued from page 502)

spectacular Richard of them all, yet withal a brilliant performance. Keene gave tremendous emphasis to the more violent passages, and evinced a sardonic humor, not unlike John Wilkes Booth. If Thomas Keene had taken himself more seriously, he would have ranked among our foremost tragedians. But "Tom" would have his fun on the side.

In 1876 I saw Barry Sullivan in the part in New York City. No longer a young man, he did not have the fire of Booth, or Barrett, or McCullough, but the finish of his performance, the masterly intelligence, gave evidence of what a terrific rendition he had given twenty-five years before, at the Boston Museum, when he lost his temper and laid a super's eye open with his sword. More than one overwrought actor has often turned the mimic wrath of Richard into real rage. The elder Booth once lost his self-control, and drove his Richmond off the stage and out of the back door of the theatre.

Among the more recent Richards, I saw Richard Mansfield's in 1889. It was a magnificent production and a performance of intellectual power, but it lacked the fire and tragic strength of the earlier actors.

One novelty in the Hopkins production is the absence of a crowd of supernumeraries. In the old arrangement of the funeral procession, for example, there were from 70 to 80 people, and they all remained on the stage during the scene of the wooing of Lady Anne. In the Barrymore production there are six men, and only one of these is in evidence during the scene. With Keene's big production I used 150 supers. Mr. Hopkins does not use any.

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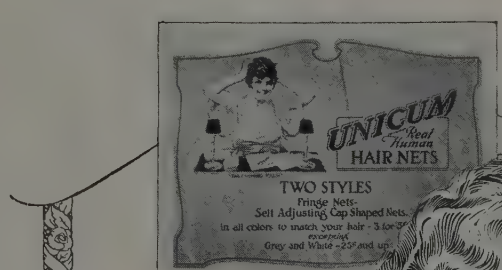

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THEATRE MAGAZINE
6 East 39th Street - - - - - - - - - New York

ARTISTS IN MIMICRY

(*Continued from page* 512)

a remarkable imitation of Henry Irving, which the great actor-manager hugely enjoyed, attending performances of "Adonis" on several occasions, laughing and applauding good-naturedly.

The critics frequently declared that Henry Irving's sons, H. B. and Laurence, had but little individuality of their own, their chief claim to notice being their ability to mimic their father. And assuredly, allowing for hereditary resemblances, it is uncanny to witness performances of "The Lyons' Mail," "Charles I," "Louis XI," and "The Bells," in which H. B. Irving repeats every gesture and copies each inflection of his father, and yet lacks Sir Henry's genius.

Herbert Beerbohm Tree was known as a "mimic" before he was recognized as an "actor." He caricatured other actors with his voice, as his half-brother, Max Beerbohm, caricatured them with his pen. But, after Herbert Tree's first success, in 1878, he only mimicked "off stage."

It was in a piece called, "Off the Stage," produced at the Lyceum Theatre in 1876, that Nat C. Goodwin gained notice through his impersonations of various players popular at that time. David Warfield was first attached to a theatre as an usher, then "walked on" as a supe, finally gaining a foothold through imitations.

Williams and Walker, a pair of colored comedians, caught the public fancy first in vaudeville and then in a production called, "In Dahomey," which, after a successful tour in this country, was taken abroad where it had a long run in London. The dusky stars were considered unique until another team, Avery and Hart, appeared and gave such exact reproductions of Williams and Walker, that one could not tell which was which.

In the moving-pictures, no sooner had Charlie Chaplin made a hit with his baggy trousers, his bamboo cane, his funny derby, and his tiny mustache, than along came an imitator, with all the "make-up," but none of the spirit.

Emerson has said, "Genius borrows nobly." Wadsworth has said, "Like —but oh, how different!" An unknown sage has said, "You pays your money, and you takes your choice!"

WHO'S WHO ON BROADWAY

(*Continued from page* 520)

Avenue Theatre in a sketch by John Jack. His vaudeville début was followed by an engagement at Daly's in repertoire, supporting Nance O'Neil and McKee Rankin. This was followed by an association with Frank Keenan at the Berkeley Lyceum in a series of one-act plays, including "Pagliacci," a dramatization of Poe's "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Feather," and others.

Following this engagement, Mr. Sherman played a comedy part in vaudeville with Maude Harrison, the original Henriette in "The Two Orphans." His next part landed him in one of the greatest successes of the past two decades, Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West," in which he portrayed the Pony Express rider.

Then came several years of stock as the juvenile in the old Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia. A year intervened during which time he toured the country as a member of Nat Goodwin's repertory company, playing in "The Easterner," "When We Were Twenty-one," and other plays, to be followed by another stock engagement as leading man. This was in Milwaukee. It is interesting to note that Ruth Chatterton made her début as an ingénue in this company, and Lenore Ulric was an extra. The following summer, Henry B. Harris opened his famous stock company at Union Hill, N. J., with Mr. Sherman as the leading man and Jane Cowl as the leading woman.

Mr. Sherman's extensive stock experience was again interrupted by his appearance in "The Commuters," a season as leading man with Elsie Ferguson in "The First Lady of the Land," and in a play called, "The Fatted Calf," written and produced as the initial venture of Arthur Hopkins.

Stock company engagements in Bridgeport, Providence and Harlem again claimed Mr. Sherman's talents. The season before last he established something of a record by appearing in no less than six productions on Broadway in one season. They were: "The Guilty Man," "Our Little Wife," "The Knife," "The Heritage," "The Squab Farm," and with Henry Miller and Billie Burke in "A Marriage of Convenience." Last year, Mr. Sherman played an important rôle in "The Woman in Room 13."

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WILLIAM T. PRICE DEAD

WILLIAM T. PRICE
Author of "The Technique of the Drama," etc.

AN interesting and picturesque figure in the American theatre closed his career May 3, when William Thompson Price, dramatist, editor, author and teacher, breathed his last at the New York Presbyterian Hospital.

To most newcomers to the stage world, Mr. Price was only a name; but to the older group he was known as a master craftsman, able to tinker faulty plays into Broadway successes, and as an instructor who taught many tyro dramatists the know-how. When an aspiring playwright went to Belasco, Marc Klaw, A. L. Erlanger or Daniel Frohman, seeking the playhouse decalogue, it was almost certain that he would be directed to William Thompson Price at 1440 Broadway; or, if he chanced to be an established dramatist puzzled by some shortcoming in his own play, the chances were nine in ten that he would wind up at the same address.

At 1440 Broadway, up two broad flights of stairs, that Francis Wilson used to call "a test of friendship," is the little, old-fashioned office occupied by Mr. Price until his failing heart brought him to the hospital where he met his death. At another office on the same floor, in January, 1901, Mr. Price founded the first school of playwriting in the world. From the pioneer work of this institution arose the many playwriting courses subsequently conducted at universities and colleges throughout the country.

To the offices successively occupied by Mr. Price on this floor in the nineteen years he operated his "show shop," came a host of celebrities ready-made and in the making. Among the successful dramatists who consulted Mr. Price are Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Clansman"; the late Benjamin Chapin, author of "Lincoln"; Olive T. Dargan, author of "The Shepherd," for E. H. Sothern; Preston Gibson, author of "Success" and other plays; R. B. Molineux, author of "The Man Inside"; Augusta Stevenson, from whose pen have come many children's entertainments; Emmett Campbell Hall, well-known scenario writer; Rollin S. Sturgeon, celebrated motion-picture director; Norman Lee Swartout, director of the experimental theatre at Summit, N. J., and author of "The Arrival of Kitty" and other farces; and E. A. Wheatley, whose play, "Kaj," was produced with success in London.

Mr. Price qualified for his work through an active playwriting career of his own. He made the first adaptation of "Heimat," or "Magda," as it is better known, ever played in this country; and as presented by George W. Lederer, it was tremendously successful. He also was the author of "My Old Kentucky Home," which was Marc Klaw's first independent venture as a producer in 1884. In this play, which was staged by Ben Teal, Effie Ellsler was the star, and William H. Thompson and Archie Boyd were in the cast. Mr. Price had a still wider experience as a dramatic critic, having served in that capacity for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and for the New York *Star*, which subsequently became one of the great modern New York dailies. For more than twenty years he was an important contributor to the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

FROM 1886 until the death of A. M. Palmer he was the head playreader and dramatic expert of the old Union Square Theatre in New York; and after the death of Palmer, he served Harrison Grey Fiske and Mrs. Fiske in the same manner, continuing this connection almost up to the time of his death. One of the last important plays he picked for production was "Mrs. Bumstead-Leigh," in which Mrs. Fiske enjoyed considerable vogue.

The work for which Mr. Price was most justly proud was his formulation of dramatic principles for the use of playwrights and students of the art. His books on the subject are, "The Technique of the Drama (1892); "The Analysis of Play Construction" 1910; "Why Plays Fail" (1912); and "The Philosophy of Dramatic Principle and Method" (1912), the last named not yet released to the general public. As an editor, Mr. Price founded and conducted a monthly publication called *The American Playwright*.

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IS THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE A FAILURE?

(*Continued from page* 530)

THE final season included, in addition to a new play by Eleanor ates, and several popular pieces of ood average, "A Doll's House," Arms and the Man," "Ghosts," The Admirable Crichton," "Fanny's irst Play," "Everyman," "Hindle Vakes," "The Truth," "Quinneys," The Philanderer," and "The Tragdy of Nan," all beautifully staged nd adequately played.

Melville Burke, the youthful diector, has a definite conception of vhat a Municipal Theatre means. Clearly separating the artistic from ne amateur, the distinguished from ne freakish, the essential from the eputed, he possesses an unusual ombination of the practical and rtistic directive-sense most needed n the theatre today. Under the invitable restrictions of stock-production, perfection cannot be required, ut at this theatre at its best, in masterpieces like Strindberg's Easter," Masefield's "Nan" and bsen's "Ghosts" there were moents when his productions attained hat thrilling and pervasive beauty f creation (belonging to the stage lone), that is so poignant in its vanescence and powerful in its dramatic sway because so rich with hose exquisite moments when the deal is transiently captured and stored for permanent inspiration.

The criticism sometimes made by those ignorant of the restrictions under which this organization was held, that more encouragement was not given to new writers, was unavoidable in view of the local hostility to venture among the unestablished. This desired line was several times attempted (at least five original productions were made in the seven years' work), but proved impossible without the subsidy that the theatre, generally, was supposed to have, while, actually, its very existence depended upon its annual financial returns. Seldom are the best plays the best-paying plays. This theatre, however, was required to produce both, or else be branded as a "failure" from one or the other of these opposed standpoints.

Fairly viewed, the municipal company never was of cost to the city serious enough to be classed even as a "financial" failure. Its less easily reckoned values were inestimable. Coming from every part of the United States, the players brought illustrative inclusiveness to the building of an organization of the breadth a municipal theatre should have if it is to avoid the provincialism that limits any art.

The question arises, Is a genuine municipal theatre possible in America?

IF so, which section of the country is most favorable to its realization? For a higher theatre stand Northampton, a collegiate and industrial center, seemed to some an ideal environment, in spite of its puritanical inheritance and its excessive cliques. The weakness at Northampton, in addition to that of conflicting interferences representing little practical knowledge of the theatre as a profession—was that the work could not depend upon stable municipal recognition, but rather was at the mercy of fluctuating factions. Furthermore, the supreme importance of a truly Municipal Theatre was too often confused in the public mind with lesser theatre types and theories. Confused with the "Community" theatre, with its emphasis on local and communal expressions: with "little" theatres, with their tendencies to over-specialization; with "art theatres," in their more exclusive form and with "peoples'" theatres in their sense of general participation in management. The Municipal Theatre (in American adaptation) may include elements from these, but it is, of itself, much larger in object than are any of those which often have an amateur element destructive to essential drama when amateur borrows professional guise, or assumes authority. What these lesser theatres have in common with the Municipal Theatre is that all are departures from strictly commercial control. From this has come much of the confusion of term, theory and trend that has handicapped America's one serious move toward a genuine Municipal Theatre—one that, above all, is of *professional* breadth and authority, offering what is significant in established, original and oncoming *drama for its own sake*, and not for the special sake of any community or other propaganda.

Advanced theatre-moves in other cities should recognize, at the start, the necessity for clearly understanding just what sort of a theatre the organization is undertaking to support.

The Northampton "experiment" was not "futile" if it has demonstrated this, and the greatest menace to an American Municipal Theatre anywhere—Politics and lack of Theatre-Thought. The first from the official and the second from the individual standpoint.

In a sense the first is the multiplication of the second.

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Here is a car that has run too close to the curb. Rubbing up against curbs will grind the rubber off the side of a tire, finally exposing the fabric to the action of sand and water.

A great many tires would last longer if their owners were only a little more careful not to scrape against curbs in stopping and starting.

IF the average motorist could spend an hour or two in a vulcanizing shop—watch the tires coming in for repair with all their weaknesses showing—talk to the shop manager away from the cheers of the tire salesmen—

He would see what comes of thinking too much in terms of "concession" and "allowances."

* * *

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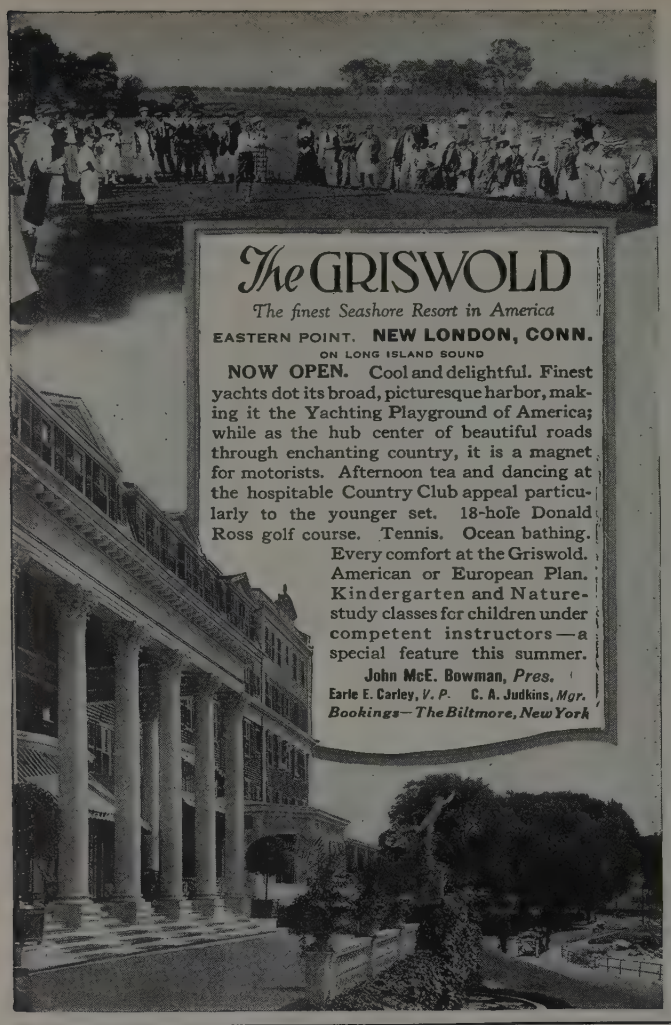

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—JOHN RANKEN TOWSE in N. Y. *Evening Post.*

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WALNUT STREET THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 508)

as manager. These probably were the first instances in this country of "actress-managers."

Mrs. David P. Bowers in 1857 attempted the management of the Walnut and continued in it with some success for nearly two years, when Mrs. Ann Garrettson took hold. Mrs. Garrettson was the most successful of the several women managers who tried to make the house popular, and she remained there until 1865 when the property was purchased by John S. Clarke and his brother-in-law, Edwin Booth. Hemphill, Goodwin, Hall, Fleishman, and Howe have been chiefly known in connection with the management of the house in the course of the last thirty years, or after the retirement of Clarke from its active direction.

TO mention or to even enumerate all the distinguished men and women who have been seen on the Walnut's stage, not to speak of the thousands known only in the passing hour, would be a task of great proportions. From the time of the Keans and the first Booth, and Forrest in his boyhood, Blake, and the first Jefferson, and Addams, and Fanny Kemble, and Tyrone Power, and Ellen Tree, and Burton, it would be as a roster of the American stage in its best estate, as well as of much of the English.

But many as were the players of the highest rank and worth that have been seen at the old theatre, it is a mistake to assume that all seasons or the greater part of most seasons were marked only by fine plays and fine playing. The same foibles and weaknesses which high-minded critics complain of to-day appear in the lamentations of their predecessors when the Walnut was still young.

THERE is probably no theatre in the United States with a record more interesting or more honorable than the Walnut's, but to attempt to idealize it is to miss entirely the really valuable lessons which the experience of a hundred and eleven years presents in the commingling of the bad and the good. In no other auditorium in Philadelphia, and probably in the country, has there been assembled from all walks of life the vast number of men and women that have sat within the Walnut since the first audience was welcomed there by Pepin and Breschard. While it would be impossible to estimate how many millions of dollars have gone into its box office—for the variations in its prices were such that there were times when the admission could be had for a "fip" or a "levy" and the best seats for three "levies"—it is not venturing too much to say that at least 15,000,000 people have passed within the doors of the Walnut since they were first opened!

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"Summer set lips to earth's bosom bare
And left the flushed print of a poppy there,"

run the haunting lines of Francis Thompson. But the difference is appalling when the burning mouth of the summer's sun touches this marvel of marvels, the silken skin of woman's body. It turns it into a thing of spots, patches, blisters and sores. Contrary to popular belief, this damage is not done by the sun's heat, but by certain peculiar violet-colored rays which sunlight carries and which when they strike the human body leave a more or less violet imprint upon it.

Science discovered the further curious fact that even ordinary electric light of great strength radiates them, and that the electric light in "movie" studios discharges them in great profusion. Film actresses, therefore, suffer greatly from skin disturbances.

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When freckles, instead of being prevented, have been allowed to appear, VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD should be used daily. Within a very short time this specialty will carry clearness, brilliancy and tone into a complexion that has become colorless and faded; that freckles, tan and exposure have impaired and wrinkles have begun to disfigure. Price $1.25, $2.50 and $7.00. For obstinate freckles, Valaze of Special Strength should be used. Price $1.50, $3.00 and $8.00. Mme. Rubinstein recommends that the normal preparations be begun with.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 527)

The eccentricity of the songs and dances of Rene Riano made the hit they deserved. She is unique in her style.

Why is the stage manager so seldom mentioned in criticism? Surely, he is largely responsible for the success of the play. In this particular instance Sam Forrest did some excellent work, for which we give him great credit.

CENTURY. "FLORODORA." Musical play in two acts. Book by Owen Hall, lyrics by F. Boyd Jones and Paul Rubens, music by Leslie Stuart. Revived on April 5 with this cast:

Anthony Tweedlepunch	George Hassell
Cyrus Gilfain	John T. Murray
Lady Hollyrood	Christie McDonald
Angela Gilfain	Margot Kelly
Captain Arthur Donegal	Harry Fender
Claire	Dama Sykes
Bernice	Dorothy Leeds
Mabel	Fay Evelyn
Lucille	Beatrice Swanson
Alice	Marcella Swanson
Daisy	Muriel Lodge
Dolores	Eleanor Painter
Juanita	Isabelle Rodriguez
Valeda	Muriel de Forrest

AS a matrimonial agency for the Sextette, the revival of "Florodora" possibly serves its purpose, but as an illustration of what pleased our fathers, it was hardly worth while. No need to tell the story of "Florodora"—that everybody knows.

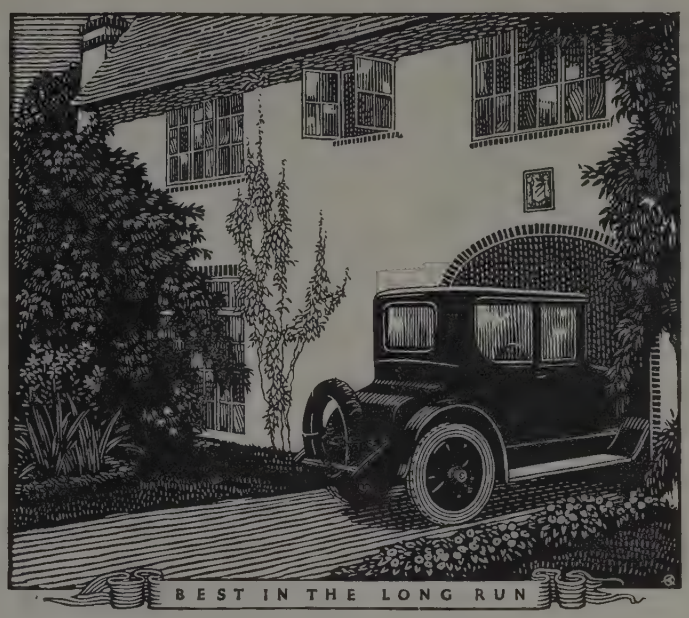
If it did nothing else, it gave us the pleasure to welcome back Eleanor Painter, who is as enchanting as ever.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. ACTORS' EQUITY BENEFIT.

ON Sunday evening, May 9, the Metropolitan Opera House stage, cleared of its songbirds, was given over to the Actors' Equity Benefit. To mention what happened that night would take at least a column. But it was mighty interesting to see the unanimity and good-will of all the members of the profession who lent their services. The rostrum included many names to conjure with in the annals of the stage—Ethel Barrymore, Mabel Taliaferro, Blanche Ring, Martha Hedman, Chrystal Herne, Jane Cowl, Florence Reed, Elsie Ferguson, Virginia Hammond, John Drew, Frank Bacon, Irene Bordoni, Wilton Lackaye and ever so many more.

The hit of the evening was the "Carnival of Dance," which gave a chance to all the well-known dancers to appear in turn. The memories of the well-known characters from the plays of Shakespeare were warmly welcomed.

The entertainment was certainly a credit to the profession. Praise should be bestowed on Hassard Short, who proved himself to be a most original stage manager. Mr. Short has undoubtedly found the right channel for his talent.



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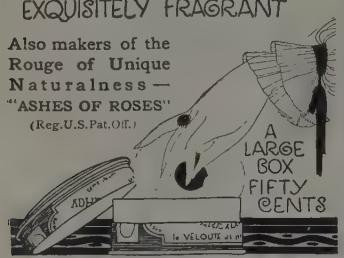

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OWING to the new Governmental increase in postage, effective July 1st, the THEATRE MAGAZINE will be compelled to add a 50c charge for postage, on all subscriptions received WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI, including the entire States of Minnesota and Louisiana, and United States possessions.

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THE Editor of the Amateur Theatricals Department will be glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Department of the *Theatre Magazine*, photographs and articles concerning plays and pageants given by high schools, clubs or dramatic societies throughout the country.

Address
EDITOR, AMATEUR THEATRICALS DEPARTMENT, THEATRE MAGAZINE

QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored

WHERE can I obtain a photograph of Evelyn Nesbit?—J. H., San Francisco.

Moffett Studio, 57 East Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.

WHAT is the seating capacity of the New Amsterdam and Princess Theatres, New York?—C. O. W., Tiffin, O.

The New Amsterdam seats 1,702 and the Princess 299.

PLEASE tell me where I can obtain a photograph of Genevieve Hamper as Portia, suitable for framing? Have you ever published a picture of Robert Mantell as Shylock? Has "The Guest of Honor," with Wililam Hodge, been reviewed in the THEATRE MAGAZINE*?—L. E. H., West Chester, Pa.*

An original photograph of Miss Hamper as Portia can be secured from Strauss-Peyton, photographers, Kansas City, Mo. We have used pictures of Robert B. Mantell in practically all of his Shakespearian characterizations, with the exception of Shylock. "The Guest of Honor" has not been reviewed as yet in the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

PLEASE tell me where I can secure a picture of Leo Ditrichstein suitable for framing? Have you published one lately? What is the address of the Academy of Dramatic Arts?

A picture of Leo Ditrichstein can be obtained from Abbe, photographer, 315 West Fifty-first Street, New York. We published one of him in "The Purple Mask," in our February, 1920, issue. There is also an excellent personal picture of him illustrating an article entitled, "Leo Ditrichstein—Player and Playwright," in our January, 1916, issue. The American Academy of Dramatic Arts is at Carnegie Hall, West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

WHO played Rebecca in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," in Rochester, the week of December 30, 1912? What plays has Edith Taliaferro appeared in?—Mrs. H. S. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

We keep a record of casts of New York productions only. Possibly Klaw & Erlanger will give you the information you seek. Edith Taliaferro has appeared in "Polly of the Circus," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Captain Kidd, Jr."

"THE YOUNG VISITERS"

(*Continued from page 528*)

heard the stilted, monotonous rendition of this air by a schoolchild in the first grade music class will appreciate the fun that may be extracted from it by a couple of artists possessing a sense of humor.

The settings, painted by Mr. J. V. Bryant, add much to the quaint atmosphere of the play. They are designed after the manner of a child's drawing, toylike and exaggerated, somewhat similar to the drawings that illustrate "Alice in Wonderland." The opportunity "The Young Visiters" gives to an artist of originality and imagination is striking.

The London public and press received "The Young Visiters" as a play with unanimous approval, the former "acclaiming the familiar gaucherie with shouts of laughter," according to the *Morning Post*. The same paper adds that the play "came over the footlights" and that "not for long has anything been seen on the stage so exquisitely absurd as the Prince of Wales levee at Buckingham Palace."

So great a number in America have read "The Young Visiters" in book form, and so great has been its advertisement that the readers and the curious alone may guarantee a profitable production of it here.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Rosa Ponselle, whose dramatic soprano has thrilled many New York Metropolitan Opera House audiences, sings that simple love song, "Values," for Columbia Records this month. Her interpretation of this ballad is just as vivid as if she were singing some great soaring opera aria.

Margaret Romaine, New York Metropolitan Opera Company star, has made Columbia Records this month of two ardent messages of love. "Your Eyes Have Told Me So" and "Deep in My Heart" are worthy of her operatic soprano.—*Adv.*

A CONFUSION IN NAMES

In our March issue we published a portrait of Miss Rita Wellman, author of "The Gentile Wife," a play produced on Broadway last winter by Arthur Hopkins. By an unfortunate error the caption underneath the portrait read "Miss Rita Weiman." Miss Weiman, as everyone knows, is the author of "The Acquittal," another Broadway production.

The singular similarity of names has often resulted in the identity of the two playwrights being confused in the public mind, and even the THEATRE MAGAZINE, omniscient and infallible as it is in most matters pertaining to the stage, fell a victim.

We present our humble apologies to both ladies and promise the next time we publish their portraits that the caption underneath shall be correct.

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Simply by looking for the *key* word in the theatres' advertising—the brand name, *Paramount.*

No theatre that has the entertainment-sense to book Paramount Pictures lacks the advertising-sense to mention it.

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"MALE AND FEMALE"

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

Listed alongside, alphabetically, are some of the latest Paramount Artcraft features. Don't miss them.

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WILLIAM S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A William S. Hart Production

GEORGE H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

MAURICE TOURNEUR'S
Production
"TREASURE ISLAND"

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

Cosmopolitan Productions with MARION DAVIES

MARION DAVIES, starring in Cosmopolitan Productions, is shown at leading photoplay theatres.

"The Cinema Murder," "April Folly," and her latest production, "The Restless Sex," were selected for the screen from the writings of the world's most famous authors, and have appeared in one or the other of the great chain of Hearst magazines and newspapers.

Cosmopolitan Productions are distributed as Paramount Artcraft Pictures.

INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE CO., INC.

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK

There's no two ways about it!

No better cigarette can be made than Camels!

GET the idea at once that Camels and their refreshing flavor are unlike any cigarette you ever smoked—that's why men call Camels a cigarette revelation!

You should know why Camels are so unusual, so delightful, so satisfying. *First,* quality, *second,* Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos, and you'll certainly prefer Camels blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels blend makes possible that wonderful mellow-mildness you hear so much about—yet all the desirable body is there to any smoker's absolute satisfaction! And, no matter how generously you smoke, *Camels never tire your taste!*

How you'll appreciate, too, Camels freedom from any unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or unpleasant cigaretty odor—*a cigarette revelation all by itself.*

Compare Camels puff-by-puff with any cigarette in the world at any price! At once you'll know why Camels popularity steadily increases.

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

Camel CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

URKISH tobacco is the best cigarette tobacco grown on earth. Needless to argue that point—it's the world's verdict.

Like the best of everything, the best Turkish tobaccos are costly.

If the 100% pure Turkish tobaccos of which MURAD is made were cheap in price, there would be but few other kinds of cigarettes smoked.

You can test the aristocracy of a cigarette by the quality and quantity of Turkish it contains—the more Turkish of superior quality used, the better the cigarette.

MURAD is 100% Turkish of the purest and best varieties grown. Could any cigarette be more?

That is why MURAD costs more than ordinary cigarettes. That is why MURAD is Supreme.

"Judge for yourself—!"

MURAD
TURKISH CIGARETTES
ARE MADE ESPECIALLY FOR THE DISCRIMINATING AND EXPERIENCED SMOKER OF HIGH GRADE TURKISH CIGARETTES.
MURAD
S. ANARG

20¢

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Brett Litho. Co., N. Y.